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Contents

The Week 82

Editorials

- The Brain Trust 85
- Trimming the Small Debtor 86
- Oil Control—A Special Case 87

General Articles

- Compulsory Labor in Germany.....Ludwig Lore 89
- Utility Regulation at the Bar...William E. Mosher 90
- The Legion Expels Its Liberals.....Ernest Angell 93
- Bull in the Afternoon.....Max Eastman 94
- King Canute (verse).....Earl Daniels 97
- Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 98
- Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn 99
- Prefaces to Distinction.....Stark Young 100

Correspondence 103

Book Reviews

- Race with Death.....Isidor Schneider 104
- Monuments to Myopia.....Winchell Taylor 105
- Novels, Stories and Prophecy.....T. S. Matthews 105
- Patriot and Moralist.....Herman Simpson 106
- Beard Brought Up to Date.....E. W. 107
- Book Notes..... 107

The Week

WHAT view you take of the disclosures at the investigation of J. P. Morgan and Company depends on how you regard investment banking. If it is rightfully a private business run for profit, the disclosures are not startling. Nobody violated the income-tax law. No public official in office was bribed by being let in on new issues below the market price. Business men customarily do favors for friends which enable them to make profits, even if these profits are in no sense earned. It is quite evident that the members of the Morgan firm, as well as a number of members of the Senate Committee, look at the matter in this light. But if you regard investment banking as an important public function, the whole affair takes on a different aspect. An investment house is, theoretically, the connecting link between the savings of the nation and the provision of new capital facilities which these savings finance. It is thus at the very nerve center of our economic system. The right amount should be invested, in the right places, and at the right times. This allocation of new savings should be made at as small a cost as possible. Has J. P. Morgan and Company managed the investment process wisely in relation to the need of the community for capital? It is obvious, not only that the net public result of the investment policies pursued by investment bankers in general was wellnigh disastrous, but that the Morgan firm has not managed the business at all with an eye on its public function. They have permitted persons who performed no service to take large tolls of the nation's savings. They have (legally) dodged their income taxes. They have operated the affair like petty real-estate brokers, and think nothing of it. After this exhibition there is no more sense in treating the "great" Morgan firm with the hush-hush of exaggerated respect, and there is every reason to go ahead and see that the investment function is placed in really competent and conscientious hands.

INCIDENTALLY, we think it important to distinguish among the degrees of moral obtuseness shown by those who are revealed as having had connection with the Morgan firm. Mr. Raskob is near the head of the list for accepting a favor—virtually a costly gift—while he was on the Democratic National Committee. Either it was capitalizing his political influence or it was a concealed campaign contribution. Former Secretary of the Navy Adams comes close to him because he accepted the favor just as he was to take public office. Others, like Coolidge, McAdoo and Woodin, were not in office at the time, and their dereliction falls more in the category outlined in the preceding paragraph. Persons who had loans from the bank are more respectable by a long way than those who got the rake-off. It is customary for banks to make loans, and the only question concerns the circumstances. Loans should not, of course, be extended as personal favors. Mr. Norman H. Davis was one of those accorded stock-subscription profits, but we fail to understand, on the basis of anything that has been revealed, why he should be so roundly denounced for having a debt of $10,000 to the bank. May an emissary on public business not borrow, if he needs to? And if he does, it makes no necessary difference whether he borrows from Morgan, the National City Bank, The Chase National, or the Podunk First National. The fact that Mr. Davis could borrow from Morgan shows that he was regarded as a good risk by the bank and was acquainted with the "big fellows." But it does not

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necessarily prove that Mr. Morgan has a pipe line into the Geneva Conference.

WHAT has rankled most in the hearts of the vocal public is that when millions of persons with small incomes were straining every nerve to meet their income taxes, these princes of wealth, who personally enjoyed luxuries denied to almost everyone else, did not pay any income tax at all. The natural result is to sabotage the income tax in principle, and turn sentiment toward the sales tax. This is a genuine disservice to their country on the part of the Morgan partners—and of all the others who, though well able to pay, employ the most expensive brains in order to find out how not to. For a sales tax would be just as unfair, and in just the same manner—only the present objectors would not be so conscious of it. You cannot enforce painfully high income-tax rates on the moderately well off if the rich are not proportionately taxed. The hole can be and should be stopped, perhaps by the English practice of regarding capital gains simply as income, and avoiding unfairness to the man who makes an extraordinary gain in a single year by making the tax applicable to an average of three past years. And the whole tax structure should be gone over, as we have suggested before, particularly with an eye to a higher tax on business profits. In England they take 25 percent of profits—twice as much as we do. If an individual dependent on the profits of a minor concern has such a small income that he can obtain exemption on that ground, he is allowed to do so. There is no reason in the world why the huge incomes should not be taxed as far as possible at their main source—corporate profits.

WE ARE not impressed by all the fuss about the proposed legal abrogation—whether by courts or by Congress at the President's request—of the gold clause in contracts. The right of contract is not so sacred that it supersedes all other considerations. Certainly it is unjust to all the other producers and consumers in the country when a person who was promised a certain amount of money, in return for a loan or other consideration, can collect money which will buy much more than the money he lent or than the services rendered were considered worth at the time they were rendered. Moreover, under the present circumstances, if we tried to allow all creditors contractually entitled to gold to collect it, we could not do so. The gold would give out before more than a small minority of them were satisfied, even if the government's embargo were declared unconstitutional and the banks had to pay out gold for this purpose. A great deal is being said about the risk incurred when contracts are abrogated. But, in our opinion, the result is thoroughly wholesome if creditors are given to understand that their situation is not independent of the state of the general economy, and that their security can rest only in relatively stable prices and a decently operating economic system.

FENG YU-HSIANG, once widely known as "the Christian General," is back in the news again. The Nanking government in China is reported, on what is evidently good authority, to have made a truce with Japan—a truce which is obviously a preliminary to surrendering much of North China to Japanese influence, with another "buffer state" set up like Jehol and Manchukuo. This move has, of course, aroused violent opposition among other Chinese: Canton is protesting it strongly, and Feng Yu-hsiang is reported to be raising an army with which to fight the Japanese in defiance of the Nanking truce. If Feng represents only himself, it should not be difficult for the Japanese steam roller to run over him; but in recent years he has been in close touch with Moscow and anxious observers in the Far East suggest that perhaps the U.S.S.R. is now behind him. Russia still has an important stake in Manchuria, through her railroad holdings; she looks with concern upon Japan's continued seizure of territory in Asia and several times in the past year or so, armed conflict between Russia and Japan has seemed imminent. On the other hand, Feng is a notorious old rascal, whose Communism is no more genuine than his Christianity was; if the U.S.S.R. really wanted to foment trouble in China he would be the last agent to choose; and as everyone knows, Russia for internal reasons desperately wants peace on all her frontiers. Trouble with Japan is still a possibility; but if it comes, it is not likely to do so by way of a Soviet-inspired revolt by Feng. Meanwhile, Japan proceeds with her plans which, it is now plain, involve control of northern China as far as the Yellow River.

NEW YORK CITY has lately given what seems to be warm approval to an organization known as the Hop Light Ladies, named from an old ballad —"Hop light, ladies, your cake's all dough." These Ladies, to the number of perhaps a thousand, will go about the city in pairs performing various useful tasks, the nature of which is indicated by the color of the bright smocks they will wear. Some will sell window-boxes, others will paint furniture, still others sell second-hand books, etc. This movement has been made necessary by the partial collapse of New York City's relief activities, as described in last week's New Republic by Mary Fox. The Hop Light Ladies are mostly unemployed single women, many of whom have been receiving from the city aid which is now partially or wholly suspended. It is impossible not to admire the courage and imaginative resources with which these women are attempting to solve their desperate personal problem. It is also impossible not to weep at the horrible waste of useful abilities that is involved. Many of the Ladies are highly skilled in some profession or trade which is socially useful. Some of them, undoubtedly, are able to perform services badly needed by other people in the community who, because of poverty, cannot now afford them. In the crazy tangle of our Alice in Wonderland economics

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the predicament of these women is only exceeded in irony by that of the unemployed architects who (this is also in New York) are working as guides showing out-of-town visitors the glories of the sky-scrapers they helped to build.

THE state of California continues its persecution of Tom Mooney, who has been seventeen years in prison as the result of a deliberate misuse of the machinery of justice. Mooney having, through the impulse of a kindly San Francisco judge, been given a chance for a new trial on an indictment practically identical with the one on which he was sentenced seventeen years ago, the state first tried hard to prevent the trial, and when this proved impossible, state officials proceeded to sabotage the case by refusing to offer any evidence. The result was that a real chance to go over the evidence once more and test its validity was thrown away. The judge stopped the trial and directed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty. Under the circumstances, he could hardly do anything else; yet the outcome is a bitter disappointment to all those who have hoped that this greatest blot on California justice might at last be removed. The fight of course must and will go on; but unless some pretext can be found for bringing it into the federal courts, it must be admitted that the immediate outlook is black.

THAT the Volkstag election in Danzig would end in a National Socialist victory was self-evident. For weeks the police of Danzig have been under the thumb of the Nazis, and Nazi Storm Troops have terrorized this ward of the League of Nations as if it were indeed an integral part of the "Third Empire." The next Danzig parliament will be conducted by thirty-seven National Socialists; the five other parties together elected thirty-five deputies. The Senate, which is elected by the Volkstag, will also be in the hands of the Hitler party. Significant in this election was the bitterness with which the Nazis conducted their campaign against the German Nationalist People's party, their official allies in the Reich government. As a result, the Nationalists lost all but four of the ten mandates they held in the recent parliament, a fact that will not serve to lessen the tension between the two coalition parties in Germany, which has again found expression in the declaration against the anti-Semitic policies of the government. Nazi party executives in Danzig have already assured the Polish government that no anti-Polish activities are contemplated; for the present the Nazis will probably be as good as their word. At the moment Hitler is proceeding with the greatest circumspection. His absence from the memorial ceremony in honor of Schlageter, who was shot by the French during the Ruhr occupation, and the comparative moderation observed by Göring, the official speaker of the occasion, speaks volumes. Hitler is manifestly eager to strengthen the impression created by his speech before the Reichstag, to reassure America and the European powers, and probably the population of Austria, as to his pacific intentions.

IN The New Republic of May 24, we described the conditions among young workers in the textile mills in Pennsylvania. There children of fourteen or fifteen have been working, in large numbers of cases, full time for $2 or $3 a week, and under shockingly bad conditions. They have been forced to accept this virtual slavery because most of the adults in their families have been unemployed, and municipal relief has been so inadequate that it was a case of work for small wages or accept semi-starvation. We are glad to report that thanks to the vigorous campaign of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, aided by the skillful propaganda started by Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, wife of the Governor, conditions are improving. In several cases, the children have gone out on strike and have won. A minimum wage of $5 a week has been set up, with a 10-percent increase for those who were already receiving $5 or more. The union has been recognized in most instances and, in all others, collective bargaining has been established. As fast as one strike is settled, another is called somewhere else. The officials of the Amalgamated recognize in their negotiations that the Industrial Recovery Act is likely to become law in the very near future, and that under its provisions wages in the textile mills of Pennsylvania (and other states) are almost sure to be trebled and sweatshop conditions greatly improved.

THE Jews have won what may prove to be an important victory over the Hitler government in Germany. The Nazis have agreed, under pressure from the League of Nations, that their anti-Semitic laws shall be suspended in German Silesia. This is due to the treaty with Poland in 1922 which said that all minorities should receive equal treatment without racial or religious discrimination. Obviously, Hitler did not dare to ride rough-shod over this treaty and others like it, especially in view of the millions of persons of German descent who, since the new partition of Europe, find themselves living under alien flags. Silesia will now become a Jewish sanctuary inside Germany and will be a powerful influence making for more reasonable treatment of the Jews elsewhere in the Reich. There are several signs that Hitler's anti-Jewish campaign, which is on the whole the most uncivilized episode in modern history, may soon be moderated in some particulars. It is known that the Jewish boycott on German goods and services is having a disastrous effect, and private advices from Berlin are that the Hitler government would be glad to discover a formula by which, without losing too much face, it could cancel part of its campaign of extermination. In support of this view is the fact that the new and drastic law cutting down Jewish students in schools and colleges to a small percentage of the total number of students has not yet been put into effect, although it was issued more than a month ago.

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The Brain Trust

WITHIN the last few weeks, a campaign has opened in certain sections of the daily press against the "brain trust"—President Roosevelt's group of professorial advisers. The New York Herald Tribune, for example, is so bitter against them that it recently dismissed a proposed modification of the Pure Food Law without making a single argument against it save that one of "the professors" was responsible for it. Other journals unite in denouncing this group for radicalism, for inexperience in the practical affairs of life, for willingness to experiment recklessly with the whole fabric of American industry.

The first point which must come to mind in considering these criticisms is that no one can belittle the work of the professors on the ground that "practical men" could have done any better. Practical men were in control of the government for many years prior to March 4, 1933, and how close they came to wrecking our society completely is known to all newspaper readers. On a basis of every available index, American industry went steadily downhill from the middle of 1929 until the dramatic climax of March 6 of this year, with every bank in the United States closed by executive order. It is rather ironic to note that more improvement has taken place since the expert advisers went to work than in any other similar period of the entire depression. This improvement, of course, may prove to be temporary; it may be in part the response to measures of which conservative critics violently disapprove. Nevertheless, there it is upon the books. The conservative critics are thus in the curious position of complaining because Mr. Roosevelt's academic advisers have helped to bring back some degree of prosperity after the advice of business men, taken generously by Mr. Hoover, had failed to do anything of the sort. It is only another proof of the fact that most people, so stubborn and irrational are human loyalties, would rather sink with what they regard as the right ship than to sail into port with the wrong one.

A more valid criticism of the critics, however, is one which looks at the record and says: Just what actions of President Roosevelt since he took office do they object to, and to what extent are these actions attributable to the advice of the members of the "brain trust"? As soon as this question is asked, the critics are much deflated. It is of course nonsense to say that Mr. Roosevelt is anything remotely resembling a dictator, or that his policies constitute Fascism—except in the terminology of the Communists, who would have so designated them no matter what President Roosevelt did or didn't do.

But even if these charges were correct, the conservative critics would hardly be in a position to make them; for most of these critics have for years been urging, more or less openly, that "what America needed" was a Mussolini. Similarly, they cannot complain of the broad grants of power made to the President for the period of the emergency by the agricultural bill, its inflationary section or the Industrial Recovery Act. For years, they have been frothing at the mouth with rage against Congress; and they have no right to complain when at last the ideal for which they have sought is partly attained. In common fairness, they should wait until the President has done something under one of these permissive statutes to which they object. Since, broadly speaking, he has as yet done nothing under any of them, criticism at this time is premature, to say the least. They might criticize the departure from the gold standard; but they are estopped by the fact that the British Tories, whom they so warmly admire, did the same thing eighteen months ago. Even devaluation of the dollar would only be following the example of those solidly conservative countries, France and Italy, both of which devalued their currencies in the neighborhood of 80 percent.

As a matter of fact, both the censure of the "brain trust" and much of the praise are based upon false hypotheses. The innocent notion that they form a secret group of conspirators, who are in complete agreement among themselves and can put over on the President and the country one step after another in an elaborate program looking toward a predetermined goal, is fantastically at variance with the facts. Insiders in Washington know that the members of this group are far from being in complete accord with one another, that each man functions in his assigned place, and may go weeks without seeing any of his colleagues. Taken as a whole, the administration works in a highly opportunistic spirit. Instead of moving toward a set goal, it is seeking to meet emergencies as they arise—as well it might, considering the fact that these are in many ways the gravest series of crises in the world's history.

Even more important is the fact that, in so far as the "brain trust" does represent a progressive point of view, its members are far from being the President's only advisers. There are only three of them—Moley, Tugwell and Berle. Mr. Roosevelt also consults, not only with his Cabinet, but with many other government officials, and with a number of orthodox conservatives outside the government. He is quite as likely to take their advice as that of anyone else. His Cabinet contains men of orthodox financial and industrial views; and he takes the advice of such men as Bernard M. Baruch, who passes for a conservative nowadays. If the progressive members of the professorial section succeed in having their advice taken, this is strictly on its merits. And indeed, they have, and have had, no claim upon the President except that of intelligence and good judgment.

This point needs to be driven home, because some of the hostile critics seem to believe that Mr. Roosevelt chose a group of college professors at random

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and placed himself in their hands. Nothing, of course, could be farther from the truth. Every man in this group had distinguished himself, over many years, by his studies or activities, or both, in the field in which he is now working. This is not to say that there are not plenty of other good men in the same fields who have not happened to be called into the circle of presidential advisers. It is true, however, that these men are among the outstanding authorities of the country in their various lines.

The greatest nonsense of all is to scoff at the suggestions of these men because they are professors, and to speak as if all the professors in the country were united on a program. The truth is that professors disagree among themselves just as vehemently as the members of any other professional group. A much larger body of professors could be found who have vigorously supported the ideas of the conservative critics, and who now feel as much annoyance (perhaps enhanced by jealousy) concerning the "brain trust" as the complaining editors themselves.

The real criticism of the "brain trust" comes from those who feel that the whole course of the administration is hostile to their special and private interests—men of great wealth who fear that in one way or another some of it will be taken from them, important industrialists who see in the Roosevelt administration a degree of concern for the rights and interests of the common man which has not been witnessed since the first two years of the Wilson administration. Some of this antagonism toward the Roosevelt policies is, in our judgment, comparatively unfounded: we wish that the present government would go a good deal farther than it shows any signs of doing. But in any case, it is not the fact that some of the presidential advisers are college professors which constitutes the real grievance of the critics. It is that with his collegiate advisers the President is taking some steps—which he might easily have taken without them—toward remedying a few of the most glaring inequalities in the distribution of income in this country.

It is an ironic note that the thing which constituted Hoover's most important promise, and regarding which he failed most abjectly, should have become one of the cornerstones of the Roosevelt administration without any promises at all. Mr. Hoover promised to call to his aid the scientifically trained minds of impartial experts, and he failed because he was not willing to stand by the facts which the experts produced. Mr. Roosevelt is also using experts, not so much in the accumulation of vast quantities of information but in the improvisation of lines of conduct based upon general information about the problems to be faced. If democratic government is ever to work at all, it will have to be on such basis as this; and it is therefore not surprising to find those elements in American life which correspond most closely to the fascist philosophy attacking the idea even in its inception.

Trimming the Small Debtor

IN THESE last days high finance has been buffeted by fortune and assailed by inquiry as never before in its career. But low finance, though hard hit by the turn of events, has escaped the searching inquest. That the moneychangers not only of the temple but also of less pretentious establishments need purification is indicated by a symposium on small credit recently published in the Yale Law Journal.

As graphically described by Professor Walton H. Hamilton, the instalment sellers, the finance corporations (so frequently borrowing their respectability from the greatness of the industries they serve) and the loan companies (with their slogans of transparent philanthropy) are the unfirm foundation of our credit pyramid. The basis of their credit extension is not the debtor's ability to pay, but the probability of their being able to collect.

The necessity of each creditor is to collect regardless of the claims of others. Thus there has arisen the grim sport of "scalping collection." According to law, he who first seizes wages is first entitled. So the creditor whose grant of credit was the last straw may nevertheless profit if only he is vigilant. And his perchance blameless brother who sold the debtor while he was still solvent may whistle in the wind for payment.

If the summary and effective process of attachment of wages is not available, however, and if the creditor must resort to a court of supplementary proceedings, an even sadder state of affairs is presented. Laboring with an antiquated machinery, the courts are better equipped to discover that the debtor, like his feudal progenitor, owns a horse and cow, and to demand their surrender, than to distribute his wages. The result is that sophisticated debtors escape the ponderous hand of the court while the inexperienced are crushed by it. Most courts are empowered to take into account only the claim of the single creditor who hales the debtor into court. If the court has authority to order the debtor to make payments from his future wages, it is without time and means adequately to determine his total indebtedness and how much he can pay to the prosecuting creditor and still exist in minimum decency. Inevitably many orders to pay are violated with the consequence that debtors are committed to jail for contempt of court, though (with nice legal discrimination) they cannot constitutionally be imprisoned for debts.

A decrease in the crimes of non-payment cannot thus easily be effected. The causes of bankruptcy do not arise at bankruptcy. Fundamentally, they lie in the credit practices of the retailers and moneylenders themselves, and improvement must be sought in a frontal attack at this point. Credit extensions must be predicated upon ability to earn and pay; interest and carrying charges must be

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reëxamined and readjusted to accord with the value in return for which they are assessed. Credit extensions and collection procedure must no longer be governed solely by the salesmanship and persistence of seller or lender. Credit should not be extended if prior commitments absorb ability to pay, and, as a corollary, no creditor should be allowed to seize a debtor's available wages to the exclusion of his other creditors.

To these ends, Professor Wesley A. Sturges of Yale proposes two statutes. These would provide that when any creditor seizes a debtor's wages, his other creditors should be allowed to share pro rata in the fund seized. The claims of the various creditors should be paid in the order that the obligations were contracted. Thus, credit would only be extended to a person already deeply involved at the risk that the creditor will be unable to collect until prior creditors have been satisfied. No longer would diligent pursuit make practicable heedless extensions of credit.

But no matter how intelligently ordered collection procedure may be, and no matter how wisely and efficiently the proceedings of small debt courts are conducted, there will remain a substantial number of debtors who, driven by fear or compelled by hopeless insolvency, will resort to bankruptcy. Professor William C. Douglas would restore flexibility to the bankruptcy law in respect to wage earners and at the same time make possible its fuller exploitation as an agency of social and credit control, by providing for its relinquishment by Congress to the states. There it could be correlated with state policies, to accord with the complexion of local conditions and practice. Collection and bankruptcy courts might well be combined, and a saving in expense and unification of procedure effected.

Thoroughgoing reform of small credit practices and court procedure is necessary if we are permanently to revive activity in industry—if we are to prevent recurrent paralyses of purchasing power by the dead hand of past commitments. Superficial improvements, stabilization of bank and producer credit, may pull us out of the current crisis; but it is only when the underlying credit of the small purchaser and borrower is soundly ordered that we may hope for lasting equilibrium.

Oil Control—A Special Case

IT IS likely to be discovered, as a detailed examination of the problems of industry is made, that a single law, even of so broad a scope as the Industrial Recovery Act, is inadequate to cover all needs. Last week we pointed out that a price policy which would be sound in one industry would not be sound in another. The same is true of the instrumentalities and objectives of control. Already the needs of agriculture, of railroads, of banking, for separate treatment are acknowledged by the passage or the preparation of individual measures. The same is likely to be true of bituminous coal. A separate bill covering oil, prepared with the approval of the Secretary of the Interior, has been introduced into the House by Representative Marland. The desirability of quick passage for the Recovery Act has pushed this bill into the background, but there is no reason why it should on that account be overlooked.

The chaos of the oil industry has long been recognized, and especially the effect of this chaos in waste, both of natural and of other economic resources. As J. Howard Marshall and Norman L. Meyers wrote in The Yale Law Journal of November, 1931 ("Legal Planning of Petroleum Production"):

> In the ill planned production of the competitive system as much as 80 to 90 percent of the oil is lost and abandoned in the sands, natural gas is blown into the air and the function of gas energy disregarded in the mad scramble for "more oil now." . . . In Texas two wells on the top of a dome were allowed to blow dry gas in the hope that oil would eventually be drawn up. After blowing for thirty-four and eighteen days, respectively, and expending approximately 250 million cubic feet, oil appeared; one well yielded ten barrels a day, the other twenty-six. Recently at Kettleman Hills in California a billion cubic feet of gas a day, enough to supply the industrial needs of San Francisco and the whole northern part of the state, has been allowed to escape into the air.

Pools of oil of course occur in large subterranean units; at the top there is likely to be free gas; in the oil saturating the sands below there is gas in solution; around and under the oil there is water. If the pool were properly tapped according to engineering principles, with the right number of wells strategically placed, the pressures of gas and water would be utilized to the utmost to facilitate a natural flow, and thus to extract most of the oil and eliminate the expense of pumping; and the gas would be saved. In addition, there would not be incurred the considerable cost of drilling and maintaining superfluous wells or building storage facilities above ground—storage facilities which in turn incur losses through evaporation and occasional burning. A properly engineered oil pool would supply the demand almost as simply and economically as turning on and off a water tap in a city water system.

But of course the typical pool is divided up among a large number of competing surface owners. Each drills as rapidly as possible in order to get as much oil as he can before his neighbor gets it. There are rows of "offset" wells along the boundaries. The net result is usually the exact contrary of good engineering exploitation.

The public need for conservation made little impression on those in control of the industry until the improvement of extractive technique and the discovery of great new fields brought overproduction

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and low prices. Then state conservation laws began to be used, ostensibly in the interest of avoiding waste, but really more in the interest of price maintenance. Production of wells was prorated in reference to the "market demand"—usually set for a short time in advance by the estimates of pipe lines and refineries. Oklahoma began it; but her measures were unavailing in view of flush production in Texas; Texas followed suit; California passed a prorating law which was defeated by referendum, and then tried voluntary prorating. This movement was interspersed with the application of martial law in Oklahoma and Texas to enforce restricted output, by law suits and by new legislation to stop the gaps made by court decisions. Finally the chief producing states began to experiment with an interstate committee to allot production, and drafted an interstate compact which, it was hoped, might receive congressional sanction. But in the meantime illegal production by small producers, encouraged by refiners and winked at by corrupt state-enforcement officials, so enlarged the supply that the whole effort at price valorization collapsed again.

As clearly demonstrated by Marshall and Meyers in a subsequent article on "Legal Planning of Petroleum Production: Two Years of Proration" (Yale Law Journal, March, 1933), this improvised program of control has embodied wide flaws. A number arose from the fact that it was not based on unit operation of pools. The mere restricting of output per well does not eliminate the major engineering wastes as long as there are a large number of competing producers. Slowing down output may possibly conserve some gas pressure, but on the other hand, proration of this sort encourages increasing the number of wells. Furthermore, the immediate interest of the landowner who receives a royalty, as well as of the small producer himself, is likely to lead him to try to escape this regulation, as he has in fact done, partly by court action, but mainly by illegal means.

Another flaw lies in the competitive interests of the various producing states who, though they would all ultimately benefit by coöperation, find it difficult to enact uniform laws, to apply the same kind of control at the same time and to agree upon quotas. One state, of course, may always temporarily benefit by escaping from the self-discipline of the others.

Finally, if the producing states should get together on a successful valorization program, the effect upon price would probably be unfair to consumers in other states. It is unreasonable to expect the federal government to authorize an interstate compact of this kind, and to waive the anti-trust laws and restrict imports of oil in order to help it work, without at the same time exercising some control over prices in the interest of the consumer.

The Marland bill represents an attempt to remedy these defects while at the same time refraining from abrogating state authority altogether (which has a certain legal advantage in that it rests in part upon a police power which cannot be challenged on constitutional grounds). It forbids the transportation of oil produced in violation of state regulatory laws, and thus helps local enforcement. It gives the Secretary of the Interior power to determine the "market demand" for oil and to allocate it among the producing states. This serves the double purpose of having this demand estimated by a public authority who will have the interests of consumers as well as of producers in view, and of diminishing interstate disputes over the allocation of quotas. He can also restrict importation in reference to market demand—a necessary power under any such price-valorization scheme. In case a state does not accept its quota, or does not enforce it, the Secretary of the Interior may create an agency to do so; this avoids sabotage by individual states. More important, he is given the power to establish not only minimum but also maximum prices. Most important of all, he is to recommend uniform legislation to the states, having in view not merely price maintenance but real conservation and unit operation of pools. This would probably be brought about through "compulsory coöperation" among the owners and lessees, giving them each equitable shares of the proceeds of the whole operation.

The assumption is that if a law like this did not bring about a desirable result, complete federal control would have to be instituted which would ignore state jurisdiction altogether. Such control might conceivably be created without further legislation under the broad powers of the Industrial Recovery Act. But a law which has specifically in view the history and the requirements of the particular situation in oil would seem to be preferable. Because it confers power over maximum prices, certain oil interests are now fighting it. We believe that this action is a grievous miscalculation on their part. If they do not accept a measure like this, they are certain to be subjected in the end to something far more drastic. Such silly and damaging confusion as has existed in oil will not be allowed to persist indefinitely.

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Compulsory Labor in Germany

ON MAY DAY, called "National Labor Day" in Germany, Adolf Hitler announced that his government would shortly proceed to introduce compulsory labor service. "It is our fervent wish," he announced, "that this, our German people, shall be educated through compulsory labor to realize that manual labor is no disgrace, that work done with the hands, like every other form of activity, honors him who faithfully and honestly performs it." These banalities out of the mouth of the Reich Chancellor would hardly merit our attention were it not for the fact that the inauguration of a compulsory labor service for Germany's youth is already well under way and by January 1,1934, will have become an accomplished fact. For the first time in history, a great nation has decided to conscript its youth for social labor. Pre-war military conscription, anathema to the entire civilized world, is returning in a new guise—for the German government frankly admits that it will combine its labor program with the military instruction to which, until the World War, every German youth was forced to devote several years of his life.

Dr. Franz Seldte, Reich Minister of Labor and Commissioner for Labor Service, and Colonel Hierl, State Secretary for Labor Service, have developed a comprehensive plan that is already in partial operation. Forty-five thousand young men are today enrolled in the Labor Service Camps of the Storm Troops and 45,000 in those of the Steel Helmets, where they are being trained as subordinate leaders to command and supervise the army of conscripts that is to become an organic part of the state.

The individual features of the plan have been fully worked out by the General Staff of the Reichswehr in coöperation with Colonel Hierl, the organizer of the Nazi volunteer labor service which for a number of years has been a regular part of that party's activity. The cost of equipment and maintenance has been computed to the last detail, the black uniform costing 96.80 marks ($23) for each labor recruit, while the cost of food will be 89.9 pfennig (twenty cents) per day per person. No official figures as to the total expenditure have yet been published, but they can easily be estimated: 180 million marks annually for food and maintenance, 60 millions for equipment, at least 60 millions for the staff and apparatus and 200 millions more for camps, barracks, tools, etc., making a total of 500 millions to be expended every year for an indefinite period out of the Reich treasury. To procure this 500 million marks annually the government proposes a special tax on the already overburdened population. The young workers who are to be thus summarily removed from the unemployed army of the nation have long ago ceased to draw unemployment benefits, so that the expenditures for labor duty cannot be balanced by commensurate savings in the field of social services. The work of this conscript army, on the other hand, will deprive tens of thousands of the older workers who are now eking out a precarious existence of their jobs. That, at least, has been Germany's experience with voluntary labor service in the past. From March, 1931, to March, 1932, the employment of these volunteers, of whom there were at that time 37,967 in the various camps, led to the reduction of the number of those regularly employed in public enterprises and reclamation work from 69,000 to 27,300. Ten thousand railway workers were discharged when the labor camps of the National Socialists and Steel Helmets were given official recognition by the von Papen government last July, and their places filled with these volunteers. The leaders of the German railway workers' union, an organization at that time numbering 350,000 men, protested against this dismissal of thousands of organized workers, most of whom had worked for decades on the Reichsbahn. The von Papen decree also admitted the possibility of placing this service at the disposal of private firms.

An interview issued by Colonel Hierl on May 5 to the Völkische Beobachter, the central organ of the National Socialists, shows that the present government intends to work along similar lines. "There is more than enough work for our labor service," the Colonel is quoted as saying. "They will be employed, first of all, for reclamation work. Our land-improvement projects (irrigation, flood protection and forestry) alone should give work to 800,000 conscripts for the next ten years. In addition, there is the extensive road-building plan that our Führer has just announced in his speech with which Germany proposes to meet the demands of its rising automotive traffic. Here our labor service will be coördinated with free labor; will work side by side. . . ." An open admission, this, that Germany's labor service is to compete with free labor.

Orders for 300,000 uniforms and equipment have already been placed. The full annual levy of conscripts, including officers and managerial staff, will number 650,000 men; the first draft will consist of one-half of this quota and will serve for six months. Beginning in 1935, the numerically smaller wartime contingent will be conscripted, however, and the authorities are convinced that by that time it will be possible to draft the entire annual quota for a one-year service period. According to Hierl, six hours of productive labor daily are to be coördinated with three hours of mental and

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physical training. Training in arms is not included, for the present at least, in the program, but the leaders frankly admit that matters are to be so arranged that "the young men shall go first through a school of labor duty and then into army service as soon as universal military service has been re-established." These young men will not possess citizenship rights, nor will they be allowed to marry until they have served their conscript term.

The idea of a labor year for the nation's youth is not peculiar to Fascist Germany. The continued existence of armies of unemployable men and women in every nation of the world looms as a menacing shadow over capitalist society, and politicians and statesmen everywhere are lending a willing ear to any scheme that promises to lead the millions of unemployed back to productive labor. In Austria the Christian Social government maintains a volunteer work army. Hungary is making tentative experiments toward conscription. America, too, is playing with the idea of social labor for the youth of the nation, though its job-creation program is as yet on a strictly volunteer basis. Bulgaria was the pioneer in the field of national labor conscription. Bulgarian work-soldiers receive no remuneration whatsoever beyond shelter, rations and equipment; the German plan will provide pocket money for a minimum of personal expenditures.

Undeniably a labor-service scheme, in spite of its disadvantages and its distinct anti-labor tendencies, can accomplish much that is good and in the interests of the state as a whole. According to official statistics, there are almost 2 million juveniles in Germany between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five among the permanently unemployed. What is true of the idle worker and professional in general, that he is gradually robbed of his sense of personal responsibility and his self-respect, that the lack of duties undermines his feeling of personal worth, is doubly true of the idle youth, of the young proletarian and of the college graduate who is facing a life without a future or material security. To give this young generation aim and purpose, to teach it the joy of creative work and a respect for labor is a problem whose solution, under the direction of an authority thoroughly familiar with the needs and problems of the proletariat, would fill a crying need in the life of the German people. But there's the rub. The same system, operated as it is today by a Fascist dictatorship from which all progressive elements have been ruthlessly expelled, becomes a dangerous instrument for militarism, reaction and oppression.

LUDWIG LORE.

Utility Regulation at the Bar

THAT THE regulation of public utilities has definitely broken down is a charge repeated and accepted in ever widening circles. This charge is supported by a substantial array of evidence which for the most part is taken from reports of official investigating groups, such, for instance, as the Federal Trade Commission and special legislative committees which have recently published their findings on regulatory methods in several important states. Because of the increasingly vigorous denunciations of regulation as it is at present, a movement is apparently under way that may result in far-reaching changes in regulatory methods, if not in public ownership. In the opinion of the writer, it may be conceded that regulation has been far from effective. Ineffectiveness and collapse are, however, far from being identical. Failure of regulation as a method of control cannot be posited unless there is a serious effort to explore its possibilities. On a number of grounds it is believed that these possibilities have not been tried out systematically and vigorously. Until such a test has taken place, not alone will there be no need to turn to public ownership as the sole alternative to regulation, but there will be no possibility of winning the support of the requisite public opinion for so drastic a move. In other words, we shall arrive at public ownership through the gateway of a more thoroughgoing experiment with public regulatory methods.

The underlying theory of regulatory commissions, with which the public has been experimenting since 1907, was that these agencies would serve as defenders of the public interest. Although certain commissions have honestly attempted in one state or another and at one time or another during the past twenty-five years to realize this purpose, and some have met with a measure of success, nevertheless, the public-service commissions have, generally speaking, signally lacked in aggressiveness and have increasingly tended to serve as routine agencies, predominantly judicial in character and temper. This tendency may be explained in a variety of ways, the most important of which is that commissionerships have been treated as political plums, whether under the elective or appointive system. Making due allowance for a limited number of exceptions, the qualifying test has generally been "political availability" rather than fitness in any of the five or six directions requisite for the duties of this important office. Assuming a lack of special qualifications, one might expect that commissioners could be trained on the job itself, but a review of the tenure of office of commissioners over a period of fifteen years goes to show that the average tenure is slightly in excess of five years, that re-

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election in states where this method is used, or reappointment in other states, has been rather the exception than the rule.

A further limitation of considerable consequence is that the low salaries paid have more or less automatically eliminated the ablest men, who potentially, at least, might have become competent commissioners. For example, in twenty-four states, the record for 1929 shows that the salaries were less than $5,000. A final serious handicap that has militated against progressive administration under public-utility laws is the limited appropriations available for the conduct of the commissions' work. It appears, for instance, that the total appropriations to all state commissions in 1929 were something over $7.5 million, one-third of which was appropriated for three states which, as it happens, have been among the leaders in utility control. Limited appropriations inevitably spell inadequate staffs. If regulatory bodies were manned with professionally qualified and experienced commissioners and given sufficient funds to employ competent staffs, utility regulation might be improved 100 percent without any extension of the commissions' legal authority.

Another handicap whose importance cannot be overemphasized is the complexity and costliness of determining base values. The single most important mandate in any public-service-commission law is that the commission shall see to it that privately owned and controlled companies earn only a fair return on a fair value. But the fixing of a fair value is the most disputed and controversial issue in regulatory procedure. It is here, more than at any other point, that public interest and private interest come in conflict. But the basis for fixing values is just as ill defined and unworkable today as it was when Justice Harlan announced the decision of the majority members of the Supreme Court in the notorious Smythe vs. Ames case.

No better evidence of the intangibility and unworkability of value as applied to utilities could be cited than the fact that, apart from Massachusetts, the leading commissions in the United States have turned to negotiations—a more or less euphonious synonym for horse trading—as a means of determining the returns to which a given utility is entitled. It must be granted that with the highly specialized and expensive technique involved in the fixation of base values under Supreme Court rulings, the use of negotiations is justifiable as a compromise and interim procedure. But if it be looked upon as a solution to be accepted in the long run, it indicates a surrender on the part of the commissions to the unworkability of the so-called Smythe vs. Ames rule and virtual acquiescence in the impossibility of the legal mandate to determine fair value.

The final important circumstance which has brought utility commissions into disrepute and given rise to the charge of a breakdown in regulation is the rapid expansion of holding-company control. With certain exceptions the holding companies have become the central actors on the utility stage. Operating companies are but supers in the cast. Their managers are not infrequently office boys taking orders from those at the head of the holding companies. The latter are controlled by banking interests which, with an eye to large profits, observe the letter but not the spirit of the mandate to serve the public for a fair return. Again, for holding companies state lines are practically nonexistent while utility commissioners must perforce scrupulously respect them. The holding company has thus done much toward undermining the powers and prestige of the state agencies.

A review of these facts may reasonably justify one in concluding that there is no hope in the regulation of public utilities. It has unquestionably prompted many to turn to public ownership and control as the only possible alternative. It is the opinion of the writer, however, that not alone is the time ripe for giving regulation a serious trial, but there are many evidences leading one to believe that progress in the direction of satisfactory control of utility services would be made more rapidly under a drive in the direction of "shoring up" regulation than for public ownership.

On the whole the consuming public has not been particularly aroused by the lack of adequate regulation, largely because there is no general appreciation of the amounts paid to utility companies for the essential services rendered by them. Nor do payments for electricity, gas, street-car service and the like constitute any considerable burden on the average consumer of these services. However, the public was jostled out of its lethargy by the disclosures of the Federal Trade Commission, particularly with regard to the systematic propaganda carried on by associations supported by utility companies.

Lately the Federal Trade Commission investigation has thrown its searchlight upon the abuses of the holding companies with respect to stock inflation. The breakdown of certain important holding companies in the deflation period of the past two or three years has also served to bring home to the investing public the audacity, if not the unscrupulousness, of those responsible for manipulating holding-company stocks. An outcome of the federal investigation has been surveys of utility companies and their regulation in Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and Wisconsin, and the prosecution of certain holding-company cases in New Hampshire and Kansas.

In all of these states positive measures have either been adopted or proposed for tightening up regulation. A new spirit is abroad, particularly in these areas. This is evidenced not alone in the extension of the authority of many commissions, but also in the breaking away from the semi-judicial attitude, one of the chief causes for the breakdown in the regulatory process. In several instances the shift in policy is as much chargeable to the appointment of new commissioners with a more public-

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spirited outlook as to the increase in authority of the commission.

It is characteristic of the new mood in practically all of the above states that definite recognition has been given to the necessity of controlling holding companies. This position has been strengthened by the important decision of the Supreme Court in the Illinois Bell Telephone case, whereby the local regulating agency is authorized to investigate costs of a service agency with headquarters outside the state's borders and engaged in operations in a number of states.

Furthermore, the principle is being more and more widely recognized that the area of public control must coincide with the area of utility operations. As previously noted, the latter have been extended quite irrespective of state boundaries. Members of Congress, in which sole control over interstate transactions is vested, have taken notice of this movement and have introduced measures looking toward federal jurisdiction over interstate movements of electricity, gas and motor vehicles. If enacted into law, these measures will plug one of the most important gaps in utility control.

The disclosures before the Federal Trade Commission and the legislative committees previously referred to have not alone tended to bolster up and vitalize regulation, but also to revive popular interest in public ownership. The most concrete evidence of this is to be found in the laws passed in a half-dozen Midwestern and Western states authorizing the organization of power districts under a popular referendum. Such laws will enable the public authorities to generate and distribute current on a large scale and thus to compete with private concerns. Developments of such regions will be followed with interest; they may ultimately lead to a marked stimulation of the public-ownership movement.

A further symptom of the latter tendency is the stand taken by a committee of a conference called some time ago by a number of the progressive Senators and Representatives at Washington. The committee issued a manifesto in which the demand was made for widespread public ownership of the utilities. This program called forth more or less comment in the public press and doubtless stimulated a number of thoughtful people to turn to public ownership as the solution of the utility tangle. Further, a work by Stephen Raushenbush, published in 1932 by The New Republic under the title, "The Power Fight," indicts in a most sweeping fashion the shortcomings of regulation by commissions and the exploitation of financial groups now in control of most of the utility companies. It brings together and interprets a large amount of data pertaining to abuses and shortcomings of public control, topping it off with scathing criticism of the present order. This work sounds the tocsin for public ownership. The manifesto of the progressives and Mr. Raushenbush's indictment, together with official reports of public agencies, are symptoms of a rising tide of protest against established methods of dealing with the utilities. They definitely put the advocates of regulation on the defensive.

Nevertheless, the writer is unable to grant that state and federal regulation may be brushed aside as having been tried and failed. The obstacles to public ownership, the only available substitute, are many, the chief of which appears to be widespread public indifference to the problem. This has been enhanced by the almost nationwide reductions in electrical rates, to a considerable extent on the initiative of the companies themselves. Combined with this indifference to utility matters is the "private-mindedness" of the public at large. Our traditional opposition to government in business was fortified by the barrage of propaganda carried on under the utility companies, despite the subsequent damning revelations of the Federal Trade Commission. Furthermore, there is a widespread distrust of the competency of political authorities, particularly in the present-day conduct of local government where presumably the chief problem of ownership would center. The inefficiency of government in this country is accepted almost universally and as something more or less inevitable. It will not be disputed that the public would hesitate to extend the responsibility of existing governmental administrative authorities over concerns conducting enterprises in which an investment of some $25,000 to $30,000 million is represented (quite apart from the railroads). Moreover, the difficulties of financing the purchase of huge utility enterprises, while perhaps not insuperable, are nevertheless not to be overlooked.

These are not just arguments trumped up by one who is opposed to public ownership. For, as a matter of fact, the writer believes that the public utilities have been properly held to be public functions that may or may not be assigned to private concerns who operate them as agents of the state. The question of socialism vs. capitalism is not involved. The sole criterion is the best interests of the public. The obstacle to public operation is therefore not the principle of the thing, but rather expediency. In view of the difficulties listed above —and anyone who has dealt with any typical sector of the American public appreciates how real they are—it is believed that the efforts of those interested in improving conditions might more profitably be concentrated for the present on the improvement of regulatory agencies and their administration. In other words, public ownership, if and when it comes, will be expedited by an attempt to bolster up regulation or, perhaps better, to put regulation actually on trial. If it is proved that such regulation does not work, it will then be much easier to turn to the alternative, public ownership. It seems more logical, therefore, to pass through the foothills of regulation before attempting to scale the high passes leading to public ownership.

WILLIAM E. MOSHER.

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The Legion Expels Its Liberals

THE Willard Straight Post of the American Legion has been read out of that illustrious organization. With some others, it has been cast aside as being unworthy of continued association with the other Legion posts. This is, I think, a matter for regret—not for the Willard Straight Post, or the others which have been expelled, but for the Legion itself. To see why this is so, I must recite a little history.

"To foster and perpetuate a 100-percent Americanism—to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness." Thus runs part of the high-sounding preamble to the constitution of the world's (erstwhile) most powerful veterans' organization, the American Legion. Under its generous cover, the Legion has put through hundreds of acts in the state and national legislatures for the benefit of veterans, has provided the village and small-town club for the young men of 1917-19, has consistently advocated large armies and navies as "adequate defense," has loaned a helping hand to the veteran or his family in distress, fought the pacifists, the Reds and the pinks, and promoted a whooping good time at its conventions, "pure" history books for the American school child and "sound Americanism" for the new citizen. In its first phase the Legion was the self-constituted guardian of American political conservatism and uncontaminated nationalism. Lately the organization has become the spearhead of the veteran racket.

The Legion has wielded influence wholly disproportionate to its million members, less than a quarter of the World War veterans. The membership has dwindled seriously in the past year. Many of its earlier leaders have dropped out, or lost interest, or have become open opponents of the Legion's plunderbund purposes. A few small and unpopular groups have maintained an individual character of insistent criticism of the militaristic, intolerant and chauvinistic character of the great majority of Legionnaires.

The Willard Straight Post of New York City, formed in 1920, owes its existence to Fritz Kreisler and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the latter one of the founders of the Legion in 1919. Sidney Howard, then an editor of Life, interviewed Colonel Roosevelt on the purposes and program of the Legion. Mr. Kreisler, at that time recently discharged from the Austrian army, was then on his first post-war concert tour in this country. The Colonel, announcing emphatically that the Legion would never ask a penny for pensions, strongly opposed Kreisler's tour on the grounds that those who had fought our boys in France should not be permitted to exploit this country. Howard retailed the story to Walter Lippmann, then an editor of The New Republic, and to the present writer. We three, feeling there was more danger to American institutions from the doughty Colonel's patriotism than from the Austrian's music, decided to form a Legion unit to express a different theory of Americanism.

A nucleus of liberal-minded professional and business men answered a call to set up the new group, named in memory of Major Willard D. Straight. They believed in forming a post of veterans interested in changing social conditions, in eradicating the hatreds engendered by the War and in developing formulas for permanent peace. Most of the members of the new unit had served in France, many at the front. Half a dozen had been decorated for bravery or otherwise distinguished service. They were largely college men: business men, bankers, a few doctors, writers, teachers and lawyers.

The Post has fought for free speech, both in and out of the Legion, has repeatedly condemned heresy-hunting, Red-baiting and the lesser forms of witch-burning. It has stood out against compulsory military training, a big navy, the Nicaragua adventure and the Ruhr invasion. In later years it fought the soldiers' bonus, the compensation and pension racket. It unsuccessfully opposed the original bonus measure which became law in 1924 and publicly commended President Coolidge for his veto of the bill upon its first passage by Congress.

In 1932 the Post renewed the fight against the bonus. A chance conversation between a Post member and an official of the Veterans' Bureau at Washington gave the Post an inkling of the extent to which the veterans' lobby at the capital was exacting tribute from Congress of nearly a billion dollars annually. The Post engaged Henry Pringle, himself a veteran but not a Legionnaire, to make a preliminary investigation in Washington. Pringle returned with a startling story of incredible waste, chicanery, statutory "presumptions" of disability, and so on. The results of this preliminary investigation were laid before the strategy board of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, with a plea to continue it. Roy Howard and his associates instantly accepted the suggestion and detailed Talcott Powell, of The New York World-Telegram staff, to the job. Powell spent six weeks in Washington gathering data and wrote a series of twelve articles which appeared in the twenty-five Scripps-Howard papers.

Powell's revelations did much to raise the flood of criticism and protest against the menace of the Legion lobby. The National Economy League, the American Veterans' Association and the Veterans' Justice Committee were organized to fight the lobby, the New York Academy of Medicine joined in, the United States Chamber of Comerce, etc.

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The Willard Straight Post was solemnly suspended for several months from active membership in the Legion for insubordination in fomenting revolution within the parent body. In December, 1932, the Post joined with a dozen others in New York City in again protesting any plan for the bonus payment. It was again suspended, and has now, as I have said, been definitely expelled from the national body.

Free speech has so often been the rallying cry for Willard Straight Post statements as to become almost second nature to its members. In 1921 a Kansas post of the Legion notified Non-Partisan League organizers that their "demonstration would not be tolerated at Ellinwood next Tuesday. We do not desire any violence, and so take this means of informing you of what we intend to do." The League organizers nevertheless proceeded with their nefarious activities, and were promptly tarred and feathered by the Legion "delegation." Similar incidents prompted the New York group to an attempt to put the New York City Legion on record as deploring such intolerance by force and as championing free speech in America.

Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor in 1920, was roundly denounced by Legion leaders for canceling arrest and deportation warrants issued indiscriminately against aliens by Attorney General Palmer, foe of the alien Red. Legion leaders demanded Mr. Post's resignation, while the Willard Straight Post publicly commended the Assistant Secretary for his support of the quaint doctrine that even aliens had certain rights. Local Legion leaders denounced this public support of Mr. Post as "throwing a monkey-wrench into the workings of a majority."

When M. Poincaré marched the French troops into the Ruhr and feeling again ran high the world over, fifty Willard Straighters set out to tell fifty million Frenchmen how wrong they were, and, incidentally, to tell the State Department what should be done about it. A "report" was issued embracing the foreign affairs of western Europe and the United States generally. This document, of February, 1923, recommended the fixing of German reparations at 50,000 million marks, a moratorium and international loan for Germany, the stabilizing of European currencies, the removal of artificial trade barriers, a consultative pact, the formation of an international military and naval force, the limitation of land armaments and renunciation of all military sanctions under the Versailles Treaty.

How much the Post has accomplished is open to doubt. Post members know they have been in most instances crying in a wilderness. The work has been carried on with zest and an underlying deep seriousness. The members are now men of family, approaching middle age. They hope their sons will not go into any future war with the enthusiasm which they felt in 1917, they hope there will be no more wars. Often they wonder, too, whether the liberal spirit is still alive, whether protest and invocation to the spirit of the Fathers is sufficient, whether a new society can be born without rather more of militant effort. Perhaps from all this it may be clear why I feel that the Legion needs the Willard Straight Post, and the spirit it represents, far more than the Post needs, or ever did need, the Legion.

ERNEST ANGELL.

Bull in the Afternoon

THERE are gorgeous pages in Ernest Hemingway's book about bullfights—big humor and reckless straight talk of what things are, genuinely heavy ferocity against prattle of what they are not. Hemingway is a full-sized man hewing his way with flying strokes of the poet's broad axe which I greatly admire. Nevertheless, there is an unconscionable quantity of bull—to put it as decorously as possible—poured and plastered all over what he writes about bullfights. By bull I mean juvenile romantic gushing and sentimentalizing of simple facts.

For example, it is well known and fairly obvious that bulls do not run and gallop about the pasture; they stand solid "dominating the landscape with their confidence" as Hemingway brilliantly says. Therefore when they have dashed about the ring some minutes, tossed a few horses, repeatedly charged and attempted to gore a man and thrown their heads off because he turned out to be a rag, they soon get winded and their tongues hang out and they pant. Certain bulls, however, for reasons more or less accidental, go through the ordeal in a small area without much running and therefore get tired in the muscles before they get winded. These bulls do not hang their tongues out and pant. This plain fact, which would be obvious to anybody without smoke in his eyes, is romanticized by Hemingway to mean that some bulls are so "brave" that they will never let their tongues out, but hold their mouths "tight shut to keep the blood in" even after they are stabbed to death and until they drop. This is not juvenile romanticism, it is child's fairy-story writing. And yet Hemingway asks us to believe that what drew him to bullfights was the desire to learn to put down "what really happened in action; what the actual things were which produced the emotion that you experienced."

In pursuit of this rigorous aim he informs us

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that bullfights are "so well ordered and so strongly disciplined by ritual that a person feeling the whole tragedy cannot separate the minor comic-tragedy of the horse so as to feel it emotionally." And he generalizes: "The *aficionado,* or lover of the bullfight, may be said, broadly, then, to be one who has this sense of the tragedy and ritual of the fight so that the minor aspects are not important except as they relate to the whole." Which is just the kind of sentimental poppycock most regularly dished out by those Art nannies and pale-eyed professors of poetry whom Hemingway above all men despises. Hemingway himself makes plain all through his book that the performance itself is not an artistic tragedy as often as one time out of a hundred. When it is, there is about one man out of a thousand in the grandstand who would know what you were talking about if you started in on "the whole tragedy" as opposed to the "minor comic-tragedy of the horse." The *aficionado,* or bullfight fan, is the Spanish equivalent of the American baseball fan. He reacts the same way to the same kind of things. If you could get the authorization to put on a bullfight in the Yankee Stadium, you would see approximately the same crowd there that you do now, and they would behave, after a little instruction from our star reporters and radio announcers, just about the way the Spanish crowd behaves. And they would not be—"broadly"—the kind of people, if there are such people, who can see an infuriated bull charge across a bull ring, ram his horns into the private end of a horse's belly and rip him clear up to the ribs, lifting and tossing his rider bodily in the air and over against the fence with the same motion, and keep their attention so occupied with the "whole tragedy" that they cannot "separate" this enough to "feel it emotionally." Bullfights are not wholly bad, but sentimentalizing over them in the name of art-form and ritual is.

Whatever art may be, a bullfight is not art in exactly that particular which exempts art from those rules of decent conduct which make life possible and civilization a hope—namely, that its representations are not real. A bullfight—foolishly so called by the English for it does not except for a moment resemble a fight—is real life. It is men tormenting and killing a bull; it is a bull being tormented and killed.

And if it is not "art" in a sense to justify Hemingway's undiscriminating recourse to that notion, still less is it "tragedy" in a sense to sustain the elevated emotions which he hopes to pump over it with this portentous term.

Suppose that you attend a bullfight with your eyes and emotional receptors recklessly wide open, as a poet should. What do you see to admire and what to despise? Men moving in the risk of wounds and death with skill, grace, suavity and courage. That is something to admire—and the wild free fighting force of the animal as he charges into the arena, a sight so thrilling that words fail utterly. They fail Hemingway. Until Christians thought up the sickly idea of worshipping a lamb, this noble creature symbolized the beauty of divine power in a good half of the great religions of the earth.

Here, then, are two things to admire and they command admiration; they command sympathy. And then you see these admirable brave men begin to take down this noble creature and reduce him to a state where they can successfully run in and knife him, by a means which would be described in any other situation under the sun as a series of dirty tricks, these tricks being made possible by his well known and all too obvious stupidity—the limitations of his vision and rigidity of his instincts—this stupidity being further assured by breeding, by keeping him in a dim light before the running and by never giving him a second chance in the ring. You see this beautiful creature, whom you admire because he is so gorgeously equipped with power for wild life and despise for his stupidity, trapped in a ring where his power is nothing, and you see him put forth his utmost in vain to escape death at the hands of these spryer and more flexible monkeys, whose courage you admire and whose mean use of their wit you despise. You see him baffled, bewildered, insane with fright, fury and physical agony, jabbed, stabbed, haunted, hounded, steadily brought dreadfully down from his beauty of power, until he stands horribly torpid, sinking leadlike into his tracks, lacking the mere strength of muscle to lift his vast head, panting, gasping, gurgling, his mouth too little and the tiny black tongue hanging out too far to give him breath, and faint falsetto cries of anguish, altogether lost-babylike now and not bull-like, coming out of him, and you see one of these triumphant monkeys strike a theatrical pose, and dash in swiftly and deftly—yes, while there is still danger, still a staggering thrust left in the too heavy horns—and they have invented statistics, moreover, and know exactly how much and how little danger there is—dash in swiftly and deftly and plunge a sword into the very point where they accurately know—for they have also invented anatomy, these wonderful monkeys—that they will end that powerful and noble thing forever.

That is what a bullfight is, and that is all it is. To drag in notions of honor and glory here, and take them seriously, is ungrown-up enough and rather sophomoric. But to pump words over it like tragedy and dramatic conflict is mere romantic nonsense and self-deception crying to heaven. It is not tragic to die in a trap because although beautiful you are stupid; it is not tragic to play mean tricks on a beautiful thing that is stupid, and stab it when its power is gone. It is the exact opposite of tragedy in every high meaning that has ever been given to that word. It is killing made meaner, death more ignoble, bloodshed more merely shocking than it has need to be.

Fortunately it is no great trick to close one's

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receptors in a certain direction, to deaden sympathies that are unfruitful. We all go through life with these emotional blinders on; we could not go through otherwise. I remember an anxious mother in fits of anxiety because her husband had taken their infant son into one of those sidewalk horror exhibitions—it was an illuminated view of a "famous painting of Nero throwing Christians to the lions."

"George, George, how could you subject Bobby's tender little growing soul to that shocking experience? What *did* he do? What *did* he say?"

"He said, 'Oh, Papa, there's one poor lion hasn't got any Christian!' "

This being the nature of the human infant, it is obvious that if you grow up in a society which does not extend sympathy to bulls in the bull ring, barring some heightened consciousness or gift of reflection in you amounting to an eccentricity, you will not do so either. For this reason the idea that bullfights prove Spaniards to be cruel, or as Havelock Ellis says, "indifferent to pain both in themselves and others," seems to me—with all respect to that eminent authority—the veriest nonsense. The appetites to which bullfighting appeals are a universal human inheritance, and if its survival in Spain must have some explanation other than cultural accident, I should associate it with the almost feminine gentleness of character to be felt in that country which seems to have need of this stoical overprotest of courage without mercy. At any rate, we expect an American poet who goes down there to see more and not less than a Spanish adolescent, whose one-sided obtundity in this matter is as inevitable as the misshapen callous on the bottom of any man's foot.

Why then does our iron advocate of straight talk about what things are, our full-sized man, our ferocious realist, go blind and wrap himself up in clouds of juvenile romanticism the moment he crosses the border on his way to a Spanish bullfight? It is of course a commonplace that Hemingway lacks the serene confidence that he *is* a full-sized man. Most of us too delicately organized babies who grow up to be artists suffer at times from that small inward doubt. But some circumstance seems to have laid upon Hemingway a continual sense of the obligation to put forth evidences of red-blooded masculinity. It must be made obvious not only in the swing of the big shoulders and the clothes he puts on, but in the stride of his prose style and the emotions he permits to come to the surface there. This trait of his character has been strong enough to form the nucleus of a new flavor in English literature, and it has moreover begotten a veritable school of fiction-writers—a literary style, you might say, of wearing false hair on the chest—but, nevertheless, I think it is inadequate to explain the ecstatic adulation with which Hemingway approaches everything connected with the killing of bulls in the bull ring.

He says that he went to see these spectacles because he was trying to learn how to write, and he wanted something "simple" to write about; violent death, he thought, was one of the simplest things; he had seen a great deal of violent death in the War, but the War being over and he still learning to write, it seemed necessary to see some more. I do not think you can call it psychoanalysis to remark that the only simple thing here is Ernest Hemingway. A man writes about—and travels over the earth to see—what he likes to dwell on. Moreover, it is not death Hemingway writes about or travels to see, but killing. Nobody above fourteen years old will contend that he has got into his book that "feeling of life and death" which he says he was working for. He has got into it an enthusiasm for killing—for courage and dominating and killing. Hemingway cannot feel—he cannot even see—the hero of his "tragedy" staggering toward death in blood loss and bewilderment. He withdraws automatically from any participation in that central fact. He did once feel, he tells us, the surprise of pain which makes the animal toss awkwardly like a great inflexible box when the banderillas are jabbed into his withers, but this live feeling vanished instantly and by an extraordinary magic the moment he learned that the bull is more and not less dangerous after he has been "slowed" in this way, and will now make better aimed, because more desperate, efforts to defend his life. After learning that, Hemingway felt "no more sympathy" for the bull "than for a canvas or the marble a sculptor cuts or the dry powder snow your skis cut through." Which is a clear statement—is it not?—of indifference to "the feeling of life and death," and total preoccupation with the art of courageous killing.

A like numbness of imagination afflicts this poet when the life and death of the matador is in question. The climax of his enterprise of learning how to write, at least the last mention of it, occurs on page 20, where after seeing a matador gored by a bull, he wakes in the night and tries to remember "what it was that seemed just out of my remembering and that was the thing that I had really seen and, finally, remembering all around it, I got it. When he stood up, his face white and dirty and the silk of his breeches opened from waist to knee, it was the dirtiness of the rented breeches, the dirtiness of his slit underwear and the clean, clean, unbearably clean whiteness of the thigh bone that I had seen, and it was that which was important." Is the clean whiteness of a man's thigh bone the "important" thing to a poet working for the feeling of life and death, or is it merely the most shocking thing, and therefore the most sought after by an ecstatic in the rapture of killing?

"Do you know the sin it would be," he says, "to ruffle the arrangement of the feathers on a hawk's neck if they could never be replaced as they were? Well, that would be the sin it would be to kill El Gallo." And we turn the page with a shudder for El Gallo.

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It seems, then, that our ferocious realist is so romantic about bullfights, and so blind to much of what they "actually are," because he is enraptured with courageous killing. He is athirst after this quality of act and emotion with that high-fevered thirst of the saint after the blood of the living God, so that little else can open its way into his eyes or down to his heartstrings. He is himself, moreover, courageous enough—and with a courage rarer than that of toreros—to state plainly that he loves killing, and try to state why. It is because killing makes him feel triumphant over death.

"Killing cleanly and in a way which gives you esthetic pride and pleasure," he says, "has always been one of the greatest enjoyments of a part of the human race. . . . One of its greatest pleasures . . . is the feeling of rebellion against death which comes from its administering. Once you accept the rule of death thou shalt not kill is an easily and a naturally obeyed commandment. But when a man is still in rebellion against death he has pleasure in taking to himself one of the godlike attributes; that of giving it. This is one of the most profound feelings in those men who enjoy killing."

Hemingway is quite right about the pleasure derived by a part of our race, and, in imagination, indeed, by all of it, from killing. One need only read the Old Testament to see how easy it was for our most pious ancestors in morality to cut a whole people out of the tiny circle of their tribal sympathy like the ring of light round a campfire, and enjoy with free hearts the delight of slaughtering them "so that there was none left in that city, man, woman or child." And one need only remark the popularity of murder stories—or of Hemingway's own book so gorgeously full of horse's blood and bull's blood, and matador's blood, and even the blood of "six carefully selected Christs" crucified in his riotous imagination to make a holiday for his readers, in order to see that this little-satisfied thirst is wellnigh universal.

Had men not enjoyed killing, they would not be here, and the bulls would be doing it all. That is a significant fact. But nevertheless the important part of the killing has been done, and the present tendency is to suppress, to sublimate in representative art, even in some measure to breed out this dangerous taste. For this we have the authority of Gene Tunney, a writer who stands at the opposite pole from Hemingway, having abundantly established his prowess in action, and in literature therefore being somewhat concerned, strangely enough, to establish his sensibility. Speaking in his biography of the "killer-instinct boys," he remarks that "the higher in human development one goes, the more controlled one finds this reaction." And if that is true in the prize ring, it is more certainly true among poets and artists and sensitive young men generally.

It is so true that the nervous horror of these young men, and their mental and moral sickness, after forcing themselves through the insensate butchery of the World War, may be said almost to have created an epoch in our literature. One by one they have recovered their tongues and stood up during these fifteen years, those stricken poets, and confessed that they were devastated and broken clear down and shattered by that forced discipline in the art of wholesale killing—those have who were not too shattered to speak. And their speech with the silence of the others is the true aftermath in poetry of the Great War—not the priggish trivialities of the Cult of Unintelligibility, not the cheap moral of decorum (that shallow cult so admirably exterminated root and branch by Ernest Hemingway in a paragraph of this book), not the new Bohemianism of the synthetic-gin period, not the poetry of the new scientific hope in Russia, for it has had no poetry—but the confession in language of blood and tears of the horror unendurable to vividly living nerves of the combination of civilized life with barbaric slaughter.

Will it be too much like a clinic if I point out that Ernest Hemingway is one of the most sensitive and vivid-living of these poets, one of the most passionately intolerant, too, of priggery and parlor triviality and old maids' morals and empty skulls hiding in unintelligibility? I am not strong for literary psychoanalysis, but I must record a guess rising toward the middle of his book and growing to conviction in the end, that "Death in the Afternoon" belongs also among those confessions of horror which are the true poetry and the only great poetry of this generation. It does not matter much whether Ernest Hemingway knows this fact or not. We may hope he will find out, for a man cannot grow to his height without self-knowledge. But the important thing is for us to know.

We took this young man with his sensitive genius for experience, for living all the qualities of life and finding a balance among them—and with that too obvious fear in him of proving inadequate—and we shoved him into our pit of slaughter, and told him to be courageous about killing. And we thought he would come out weeping and jittering. Well, he came out roaring for blood, shouting to the skies the joy of killing, the "religious ecstasy" of killing—and most pathetic, most pitiable, killing as a protest against death. MAX EASTMAN.

King Canute

(Solus)

I have seen waves breaking over the mind's ledge
Melt to the soft wash of anemic foam,
Staining white sand with remnants of a moist death
When sand should be clean and dry as well bleached
bone.

In vain are barricades set up against water.
Relentlessly the tide creeps thinly in
Along the gaunt beach, licking the gray rim
Where sand ends, and growing things begin.

EARL DANIELS.

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Washington Notes

The House of Morgan—Hot Potatoes—It's the Rich That Has the Loopholes—Over the Bounding Sea

SO COMPLETELY has the Senate probe into the great House of Morgan blanketed all other issues on the Washington stage that it is impossible at this time to arouse interest in any other topic. The dramatic lifting of the veil of mystery in which this great bank has been shrouded for so many years has furnished an extraordinary spectacle and the reverberations of the revelations will be felt in the country for a long time.

At the present moment the investigation is still in progress and it is obviously not possible to forecast what may yet be disclosed. In the first week, however, there have been certain definite results which, considering the rapidity with which the sensational developments have occurred, may be worth listing. For one thing, it should be clearly understood that this Morgan investigation was instigated by Mr. Roosevelt himself. At least the evidence seems to prove it. Some time in March, he sent for Senator Fletcher, chairman of the Senate Committee on Banking, and conferred with him privately. Upon his return from the White House Mr. Fletcher informed his senatorial colleagues and certain of the "corps of correspondents" that the President had suggested it would be a fine thing if, before the Committee went further with the commercial banks, it looked into the private banks. This could mean none other than the Morgan firm, it being the outstanding private bank.

This suggestion fell in with the Roosevelt banking program, which he has privately outlined. When, for example, he was so anxious to obtain Senator Glass for Secretary of the Treasury, he was willing to have him select his own assistants, but he stipulated that if the Senator wished to appoint a member of the Morgan firm, Roosevelt should first be asked as to the advisability of the appointment. There have been other equally significant indications, and before the Cabinet was chosen the President was quoted by those in his confidence as determined to have no one in his intimate political family closely identified with the inside Wall Street group.

There is ironic humor in the fact that, as a result of a probe which he himself promoted, he should now discover that two of his highest officials are so closely allied with the House of Morgan as to be on the list of "close friends" whom the Morgans let in on the ground floor in the matter of common stock of the Alleghany and Standard Brands corporations—to wit, Secretary of the Treasury Willie Woodin and Ambassador Extraordinary Norman H. Davis, the presidential spokesman in Europe, through whom Roosevelt's foreign policy is revealed to the world. There is, of course, a demand for the resignation or removal of the Messrs. Woodin and Davis, but at present there seems little ground for believing that it will be effective.

It is conceded that the circumstances are somewhat embarrassing, but it is argued that to dispense with the services of these two officials now would appear to be an indictment unjustified by the facts. This is particularly true in the case of Mr. Davis and, moreover, it would throw into more or less confusion the American delegation to the London Conference, which he is expected to comfort, counsel and advise.

It is, of course, possible that the fire may be so hot that Mr. Woodin, who, it seems, was on five separate favored lists, and Mr. Davis, who still has a $10,000 loan outstanding, may not be able to hold on. At the moment, however, the idea is that they will certainly not resign under the senatorial fire or be requested to do so. But, to return to results, one very definite one was the passage by the Senate without a roll call of the extremely controversial Glass banking bill, with its deposit-insurance feature and prohibition against private banks accepting deposits. This was really an extraordinary performance, because it is no secret that the Glass bill was not slated for passage at all. The fact is, the administration back-tracked on the bill and was opposed to various of its provisions. It had been eliminated from the administration emergency program to be pushed through by June 10, and high administration advisers had privately stated that there was no need to enact the bill this session. It could easily, they declared, wait until next year. Under these circumstances, the abrupt and unanimous action of the Senate was surprising and it is practically certain that the bill will be passed.

Another result, of course, was the disruption of the administration tax program for carrying the huge public-works bond issue. Accepting the first of the tax alternatives presented to it by the Budget Director, the Ways and Means Committee had drafted a bill increasing rates on the lower-income brackets, thus putting the whole burden on the small salaried class, which is least able to stand it. The disclosure that, in a perfectly legal way, every partner of the Morgan firm had escaped the payment of all income tax for two years, shot a hole in this program and turned Congress to devising ways to plug up the loopholes for the rich.

This, of course, is what Congress should have done years ago. The situation has been glaringly obvious and repeatedly pointed out. Public resentment at the ease with which men of vast wealth and huge incomes completely evade the tax burden, in a time of depression, has put a force behind the effort to correct these indefensible flaws in our tax system. Nothing, I am told, can be done at this session toward plugging the great hole whereby tax-exempt bonds are used by the wealthy to avoid the tax. Mr. Cordell Hull, now Secretary of State, while Senator, urged action in this direction, pointing out that there are a total of $30,000 million worth of such state, county and municipal bonds, to say nothing of the 3.5-percent Liberty bonds, which were recallable last year but have been allowed to run. It is only fair to say, too, that somewhat the same facts as to tax-exempt bonds were brought out by no less a person than Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, while Secretary of the Treasury under Coolidge. Nothing was done about it then and probably nothing will be done about it now. However, the prospects are good that something will be done about the capital gains and loss provisions, under which the Morgans—and practically every other millionaire in the country—have cut their taxes to nothing since the crash in the stock market.

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It is generally admitted that the Morgan investigation has made possible a great and needed reform. What also seems needed right now is for the administration to have definite leadership on this tax business. Up to now, it apparently has been unable to formulate a clear policy, and has satisfied itself by submitting four proposals to the House. In the light of the Morgan disclosures, none of these is any longer adequate and the Congress is without a clear sense of direction. Perhaps, within the next week, White House leadership will be supplied. At any rate, there is now an opportunity for the establishment of a genuinely effective taxation system, which is too rare to be neglected. And certainly an administration which has shown so much leadership in other directions, should not be found wanting in a matter as vital as this.

By the time this piece appears our delegation to the London Conference will have sailed. It was a rather astonishing fact that the President did not fill the delegation until a few days before it left, but this was accounted for by the fact that several whom he asked to serve declined. One of these, of course, was Senator Hiram Johnson of California, who, it is understood, declined on the ground that he could not afford the trip, Congress having cut the expense account of the individual delegates to $6 a day, hardly enough to pay for a satisfactory tea at Claridge's, where they are to be domiciled. To others it seemed that Senator Johnson might much better have declined on the ground that his well known views on foreign affairs were not in accord with those of the administration as outlined by Mr. Davis.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Morgan and His Merry Men—The Alleghany Breadline—Fixing the Big Shots—Black Sheep in the Fold

AS USUAL, behind the flame and smoke produced by the more sensational and dramatic personal incidents in the Morgan hearings in Washington, the true significance of the whole story gets lost. There is, of course, something unpleasant, even shocking, in the spectacle of these eminent gentlemen caught getting these handouts from the great banking house. Oddly, a day or two after the revelations, when the public has leisure for reflection upon them, one hears everywhere expressions of surprise that so much is made of what seems to be quite ordinary business transactions in Wall Street. "After all," we are told, "we are still operating under the capitalist system; we still do business in stocks; it is not considered wrong to buy stocks at one price and sell them at a profit and, furthermore, it is a very common human thing for men to pass out profitable information to their friends. We all do it. Perhaps the system is wrong, but so long as we recognize it, there can be no real quarrel with what the Morgans and their friends did." Well, there really cannot be any quarrel so long as people hold such views and so long as newspapers and commentators invent sweet, soft names for acts which, done by simpler men in smaller deals, are called by very harsh, short and expressive names. The Greeks had a word for all this, and so have the Americans. It is about time we began to call these performances by their right names.

However, in order to get at the real meaning of these operations, stripped of their purely personal incidents, let us see precisely what happened in the case of the Alleghany Corporation.

This is a holding company. It was organized in January, 1929, by the Van Sweringen brothers to take over a lot of stocks they had accumulated in a number of important railroads. Of course, they were trying to build up a great trunk-line system and all this was done, as Mr. George Whitney would have us believe, as part of a fine, constructive vision for the public benefit. Patriots, builders, all!

When the corporation was formed, funds were raised in the following manner:

From debentures	$35,000,000
From preferred stock	25,000,000
From common stock	70,000,000
Total	$130,000,000

Now let us see first how this money was raised and how much actually went into the corporation.

The bonds were sold *publicly* by J. P. Morgan and Company. The preferred stocks were offered *publicly* by Lee, Higginson and other bankers. The common stocks, however, were not publicly offered. They were sold *privately*. This is very important.

The amount of the common stock was 3,500,000 shares, *no par value*. This stock was divided as follows:

To J. P. Morgan and Company, 1,250,000 shares at $20 a share.

To the Van Sweringens, 2,250,000 shares at $20 a share.

Thus the Morgans paid in $25 million in cash and the Van Sweringens paid in, seemingly, $45 million, but not in cash. We will see how that worked. As a matter of fact, the Van Sweringens did not pay $20 a share. They paid only a trifle over $13 a share and they did not pay that in cash. The 2,250,000 shares were handed to the General Securities Corporation, a Van Sweringen concern, to pay for their holdings of Chesapeake Corporation stock and Nickel Plate stock. This was all priced at $30 million, but the Alleghany Corporation stock delivered in return for it had a stated value of $45 million.

Some additional stocks were sold by the Van Sweringens to the Alleghany Corporation which were valued apparently at $14 million. When it was all done there was $46 million in cash left in the coffers of the Alleghany Corporation. In other words the $130 million of alleged capital yielded over $85 million in cash, raised as follows:

Bonds	$35,000,000
Preferred stock	25,000,000
Common stock—cash from Morgan	25,000,000
Total	$85,000,000
Cash held in treasury	$46,000,000
Difference	$39,000,000

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So the Van Sweringens got $39 million in cash and 2,250,000 shares of stock with a market value of $69,750,000 for about $44 million worth of railroad stocks. These railroad stocks, however, they managed to value publicly at $84 million.

Now why were the bonds and preferred stocks offered publicly and the common stocks offered privately? Because this is the rule in Wall Street. It is through this private offering of stocks that the killings are made. Nobody makes a tremendous amount of money out of selling bonds. The investor puts up cash. The banker can do no more than collect a commission. On the $35 million of bonds Morgan made a gross profit of only $2,425,000 and from this he had to pay the share of collaborating bankers and all expenses. But the common stocks are almost always sold to the insiders at some inside price. Then, when the stocks are listed, the insiders can unload them on the public through the machinery of the Stock Exchange at fancy prices. The Morgans made a great point of how they distributed the common stocks of the Alleghany Corporation "without any profit whatever." Of course, Morgan and Company took no profit whatever as an actual, open commission for handling the sale. There is a better way to make money. Morgan and Company took 1,250,000 shares at $20 a share. They then sold these shares to friends at $20 a share. But among those to whom they sold the shares were Morgan partners, as well as the Morgan firm. Here are the sales to the Morgan partners:

J. P. Morgan Company, stock account	175,000
J. P. Morgan	40,000
Charles Steele	15,000
Thomas W. Lamont	18,000
H. G. Lloyd	4,000
Thomas Cochran	17,000
Junius S. Morgan, Jr.	8,000
George Whitney	14,000
R. C. Leffingwell	13,500
Arthur M. Anderson	11,500
William Ewing	10,000
Harold Stanley	10,000
Henry S. Morgan	6,600
Thomas S. Lamont	2,500
Henry P. Davison	2,500
Thomas Newhall	4,000
Edward Hopkinson, Jr.	4,500
	356,200

How much did the Morgans make out of these 356,200 shares? It is not possible to tell without knowing the prices at which they sold. We know that the stocks, as soon as listed, sold immediately and for over a month at between 31 and 37 and thereafter went to 50. At least one of the partners sold almost all of his holdings at 48. Other sales were made at 32. If 32 was the highest price at which all were sold, the profit of all on the 356,200 shares would be $4,274,400, or over twice what the firm made on selling the bonds. When the public pays $35 million for bonds, generally around $32 million of that money can be expected to go into the industry for which it is intended. But when the public pays 31 and 37 and 50 for the stocks on the Exchange after such an offering and as the insiders are unloading, only from 50 to 75 percent of what they pay goes into the business and very often not nearly so much. This is one of the crying evils of the present system of distributing securities and the Morgans and their banker friends in Wall Street should be chased out of this type of business as promptly as it is possible.

But there are some other features. The Morgans are bankers. Their biggest depositors, apparently, are great corporations. I count, for instance, among them some twenty huge concerns, which carry deposits of at least a million and, perhaps, many millions. It would be safe to say that these twenty concerns have $50 million on deposit with the Morgans. This is part of the money with which that great firm carries on its operations and makes its money. Let it not be forgotten, however, that these funds belong, not to the officers of those corporations, but to the corporations themselves, of which those officers are stockholders. When, therefore, we see officers of these twenty corporations, all being given hand-outs by the Morgans—inside prices on shares on which they can make killings—we have a right to wonder if we are not in the domain of very simple business morals. If the mayor of New York were found putting millions of the city's money on deposit in a given bank—which would be all right in itself—and then it was discovered that Jimmie Walker was being let in by the bank on stock killings, we would have some juicy meat for a Seabury committee. What difference is there between such an act by a city official representing the citizens, and a corporation official representing his stockholders? We have a law in the state of New York under which an employee who acts for his principal and accepts from the person with whom he deals for that principal a gratuity of any kind, can be punished. Is there to be one rule for the poor clerk, the humble purchasing agent in the corporation, and another for the president?

There is another aspect of the gravest importance. No one supposes that the Morgans do not know what they are doing. Is it not at least a little strange that all the important keymen should be found getting Morgan favors? Is it by chance that the man who represents us in international financial conferences is a Morgan borrower; that the American Ambassador in London was a Morgan borrower; that the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee and the Chairman of the Republican National Committee were among those who got inside stock prices and easy profits; that state political leaders, Cabinet officers, an ex-President, Senators and men of importance throughout the country were among those who got Morgan favors which brought them cash?

No one, of course, can criticize Mr. Woodin for taking his little favors from the Morgans, on the score of his political connections. He was not then in the Cabinet. But when, later, Mr. Woodin becomes Secretary of the Treasury, and the great question of banking reform arises and a blow is aimed at private bankers, are we not told repeatedly in the newspapers that Mr. Woodin is opposed to banking legislation at this time "as it might upset business"?

On May 23, The New York Herald Tribune announced that Dr. O. M. W. Sprague, financial expert, was being brought back from England where he was serving the Bank

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of England, to be economic adviser to the Treasury. The correspondent suggested a reason which is interesting. "In attempting to divorce his administration from Wall Street," he observed, "President Roosevelt has necessarily cut himself off from the main source of supply of financial experts." Then he explained that Woodin was an industrialist, Under-secretary Acheson a lawyer, Governor Black a lawyer and Comptroller O'Connor a lawyer. Is it not strange that, in spite of all his care, Mr. Roosevelt should find himself with two men—Woodin and Acheson—Secretary and Under-secretary—with Wall Street connections after all: Mr. Woodin, a Morgan depositor, an "old and intimate friend of the Morgan partners" and a beneficiary of the Morgan firm, and Under-secretary Acheson, the law partner of one of those favored few who were let in on inside prices?

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Prefaces to Distinction

THERE will be reviews of these novels,[1] evoked by their appearance in the attractive volumes of this unified edition of Miss Glasgow's work. The comment here will turn on the prefaces that the author has now, with the exception of "They Stooped to Folly," written for each of them.

I have already mentioned elsewhere that affability—the only name I had for it at the time and I can find no better now—that characterizes Miss Glasgow's writing, an affability that consists of a certain reserve, arising partly from delicacy and breeding, partly, I should think, from an early sense of solitude. There is through this an unwillingness, doubtless an inability as well beyond a certain point, to lay on thick the implications or make a public spread of the full meaning. The willingness to insist on the content of her writing has in her later work grown with Miss Glasgow; certainly "The Sheltered Life" was more distinctly commanded in this respect. I have often been puzzled over the great popularity of her novels, and have come to think it rests on some central core of meaning and personal essence; for certainly there are many who, if they really took in the caustic insight, social satire and demolition scattered here and there, would be stung or incensed by it, and, on the other hand, many who, if they sensed the undercurrent of intensity and courage, would be deeply moved and unpopularly shaken. It should be interesting, therefore, with such a writer, to see what she has written in these prefaces, for which her success has provided an invitation, and distance, with its degrees of personal detachment, a fruitful perspective.

In the course of these prefaces, all of them but one running scarcely two pages, we can see the first movements of the young writer's mind, the will, for example, to leave the world of which John Esten Cooke spoke in the eighteen eighties in his book on Virginia, quoted by Miss Glasgow. If no great original genius has arisen, he says (leaving out Poe), many writers of attainments and merit have produced works that have instructed and improved their generation; which he considers better than amusing them, and from which he goes on to say that this literature has the distinct character of respecting good morals, good manners and of not offending delicacy or piety or trying to instill a belief in what ought not to be believed. As a young girl Miss Glasgow determined also, as she tells us—how briefly!—in the prefaces for "Barren Ground" and "The Romantic Comedians," to write of the South not sentimentally, not as a conquered province, but as a part of the larger world—a remark that should be of use to critics of, for instance, "The Sheltered Life" in gauging the relation of the locale to the real purport of the novel. At that early period, too, something was dawning that looked forward to the time when, in the "Virginia" preface, she could say, for her heroine, taught by a Victorian academy the correct attitude of evasive idealism, prepared for the perils of the actuality, that "she was the perfect wife as man invented her and as he imagined her"; and that "the pathos of it was that she was not a weak character but a woman whose energy of soul, tradition and education had been deflected into a single emotional center"; that "she was an exquisite, if slightly fantastic, creation, and had the Victorian male been as pliant in nature, the moral experiment might have been pronounced a success."

The longest of the prefaces, and the most important, begins the volume of "The Miller of Old Church." Its concern is first with tracing the course of literature in the South, and then with an attempt to clarify the relation of the present-day novelists and coming novelists of the South to their material. Though Cooke had dismissed Poe from the discussion as "rather a cosmopolite than a citizen of any particular state," it is clear that Poe was to a large extent a distillation of the Southern. The formality of his tone, the classical drift, the oratorical, the elusive intensity, are Southern, as well as the tendency toward overwriting, exaggeration in sentiment, or floridity. To the question why, with the tradition of English culture behind it, the South did not produce more in the way of good literature, the essay has diverse answers. The color, the conviviality of the life, kind nature, the genteel tradition, led to a life that, "for the ruling class at least was genial, urbane and amusing; but it was deficient in those violent contrasts that subdue the natural pomposity of man." There were "the incomparable heartiness and relish for life"; "the ineradicable belief that pleasure is worth more than toil, that it is worth more even than profit"; the easy Episcopal Church; and Protestantism, which, though it showed an imperfect extraction of intolerance, was charitable to almost every weakness except thinking. There was the "unwritten obligation to be amusing when it was possible and agreeable in any circumstances." There were the generous manners that imposed a severe, if mute, restraint upon morals, manners that exacted of the artist that he "should be more gregarious than solitary." And yet there is (to be remembered in such a discussion) the fact that we may turn from imaginative literature to the uses of imagination in life . . . the creative art of the South was not a substitute for experience but experience itself circumscribed and intensified . . . an idea of civilization not the less abstract because it was expressed emotionally and rhetorically, but with little

[1] The Old Dominion Edition of the Work of Ellen Glasgow. The Miller of Old Church, Barren Ground, The Romantic Comedians, The Voice of the People, Virginia, Deliverance, They Stooped to Folly, The Battle Ground. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50 each.

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help from the written word. The novels following, somewhat later, the War between the States and the Reconstruction had at least one unusual merit, that of the virtue of quality; they failed to survive because, though faithful to a moment in history, they were false to human behavior. In the more modern movement of fiction the fresh literary impulse in the South has broken not only with its own formal tradition, but with the well established American twin conventions of prudery and platitude.

The discussion goes on, beautifully said, directly forward, placing those full implications in one phrase upon another: "a past that has softened and receded into the eternal outline of legend"; "there must be a downward seeking into the stillness of vision, as well as an upward springing into the animation of the external world"; "the old South . . . has vanished from the world of fact to reappear in the permanent realm of fable. What we are in danger of forgetting is that few possessions are more precious than a fable that can no longer be compared with a fact. The race that inherits a heroic legend must have accumulated an inexhaustible resource of joy, beauty, love, laughter and tragic passion. To discard this rich inheritance in the pursuit of a standard utilitarian style is, for the Southern novelist, pure folly." "What the South has known and remembered was a lavish, vital and distinctive society, which, for want of a better phrase, we may consent to call an archaic civilization. Imperfect, it is true . . . as long as the human race remains virtually, and perhaps essentially, barbarian, all the social orders invented by man will be merely the mirrors of his favorite imperfections. Nevertheless there are arts, and the novel is one of them, that appear to thrive more vigorously upon human imperfections than upon machine-made excellence."

We have then a discussion of the new tendency in the South toward "Americanism." It is a careful treading over the ground of this theme, with the conclusion that there is no reason why "American novels, excellent or otherwise, should not be written; but they will be written by those novelists who are concerned more with the quality of excellence than with the characteristic of Americanism." The Americanism so prevalent in the South today is that major variety that reduces life to a level of comfortable mediocrity. After breaking away from a petrified past, there are now "Southern novelists who have recoiled from the concrete surface of an industrialized and democratized South. For the first time in its history the South is producing, by some subtle process of aversion, a literature of revolt." "It is well to have an American outlook; it may be better to have what is called an international attitude of mind; but the truth remains that great novels are not composed of either an outlook or an attitude. Even a return to esthetic values in fiction will not help us unless we have values more genuine and profound than purely esthetic ones." Material in the South there is, obviously, but wherever humanity has taken root there has been created, needless to say, the stuff of great novels. . . . In past Southern novelists there has been an absence not of characters or passions but of a detached and steadfast point of view. . . . Only since the romantic charm and the lover's sentiment have both passed away from the South has the Southern novelist been able to separate the subject from the object in the act of creation, has been able to rest apart and brood over the fragmentary world he has called into being. And this is the only way that great novels anywhere have been or will be written.

In the shorter prefaces the indication, luminous and reticent, appears when Miss Glasgow is noting what are really the most exact perceptions with regard to her own growth or the nature of some work of hers. We have the recollection behind "Deliverance," of that visit with her mother at the old house, the room with the yellow ships and blue water on the wall, and of how later "this occasion flickered to life in my memory, and gradually, after the habit of ideas that have been long buried beneath clustering impressions," the figure of the heroine "gathered symbolic substance and power" . . . from that hour in which the two characters "walked from the Virginia tobacco fields into my mind, my imagination was steeped in a quality of light that I hesitate to call epic." In the preface for "The Battle Ground": "If I dealt with romance it was because one cannot approach the Confederacy without touching the very heart of romantic tradition. It is the single occasion in American history, and one of the few occasions in the history of the world, when the conflict of actualities was profoundly romantic." Another preface: "If I might select one of my books for the double-edged blessing of immortality, that book would be, I think, 'Barren Ground'" . . . "it became for me, while I was working upon it, almost a vehicle of liberation." The setting of the book . . . back to recollections of childhood . . . "the country as familiar as if the landscape unrolled both within and without" . . . "the saturation of my subject with the mood of sustained melancholy was effortless and complete . . . time, like a mellow haze, had preserved the impressions unaltered. They were the lighter semblances folded over the heart of the book."

Such revelations and comments, hesitant and brief, always distinguished, will be, I suppose, the best comment on the novels of Ellen Glasgow.

Meanwhile the novels remain as they remain, and Miss Glasgow, for all her purposed extension of the human field, remains, as should be the case with every writer, essentially of her own region; her bases are Southern. The deceiving exhilaration derives from the lively exercise of her faculties, the wit from the instinct to be amusing in company, the crackle and luster of the spirits from the inner notion of what one is when one enters a company. The smooth formalism of the surface in this writing is an element of decorum, not without its distant heritage from Jefferson's and Voltaire's eighteenth century; the modulation in stress and insistence is, out of an almost unconscious *amour propre,* to be taken for granted. To be clear is sometimes only to be inconsolable; to be gallant and polite is sometimes only to be solitary. Looking closely at many of the passages in these novels, you will find them made now, out of a kind of pride, antithetical or balanced into epigram, now brilliant, out of an exquisite courtesy. The not infrequently tart edges of the style very often will be discovered on examination to be essentially a reaction toward cruelty, which is a prevailing motif in Miss Glasgow's imagination, working there secretly from our immediate intuition. A prevailing mood is melancholy, but it is there only as implicit and tender, as if privately conveyed.

STARK YOUNG.

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Housing Blockade

SIR: In his article, "Break the Housing Blockade!" [The New Republic, May 17] it seems to me that Lewis Mumford unfortunately aligns himself with many other city planners and housing experts who underestimate the fundamental importance of the social aspects of the problem of housing.

Out of the present emergency, along with the creation of employment, there may well evolve an effective national-local housing program. There are many reasons to believe that a public housing policy will be one important play in the New Deal. If such a program is to have permanent value, its foundation must be socially sound, its cornerstone the *needs of wage earners for decent homes, at low rents.*

Within the memory of man there has never been a time when certain groups in the community did not consistently resist housing progress in any form and in any place. Their blockades have with equal consistency been broken. But an unobstructed housing policy today must be centered upon two tasks: (1) homes to be provided at rents the mass of workers can pay, (2) dwellings located so that the occupants can go to their work without waste of time, energy and money. When housing experts in America make these two tasks compulsory and immediate objectives, the blockade will collapse.

A public housing program that aims at the close proximity of work centers to homes and the provision of dwellings with rents scaling down from $30 per apartment per month will leave the blockades without a leg to stand upon.

HELEN ALFRED,
New York City. Secretary, Public Housing Conference.

SIR: By what curious chemical process does Miss Alfred extract from my criticism of fake workers' housing—*i.e.,* high-cost slum clearance—a failure to recognize the social aspects of housing? Would an innocent reader guess from Miss Alfred's vague allusions that the real point of difference between us is that the Public Housing Conference desires above all to rebuild the slums, and that Miss Alfred is possibly a little piqued over my demonstration that this policy, if prematurely applied, will benefit the landlords and do absolutely nothing for the lower-paid workers? *As far as qualitative standards go, there is no essential difference between modern low-cost housing and high-cost housing:* sunlight, orientation, gardens, playgrounds, sanitary facilities, community buildings, must be almost identical in each. And there is no magical sleight-of-hand method for making good housing available for the lowest third—possibly today the lowest two-thirds—of the population. The question of providing decent quarters "at rents the mass of the workers can pay" depends solely upon our determination to redistribute the national income by means of large outright subsidies, or by raising the real wages: in either case it means an economic revolution. I am in favor of such a revolution, and I trust the Public Housing Conference is; but Miss Alfred's strange notion that the housing blockade will collapse as soon as we attempt this shows either an astounding ignorance of the situation or an equally dismaying capacity for pious make-believe.

New York City. LEWIS MUMFORD.

France and Italy

SIR: The gist of Mr. H. N. Brailsford's article in the April 19 issue of The New Republic is a note of pessimism over the revision of the treaties because Mussolini is back of the idea. To liberals and Frenchmen the world over, anything suggested by Mussolini must necessarily contain some hidden plot. Just why Frenchmen and liberals should be bedfellows on such occasions concerning Il Duce is one of the anomalies of the liberal mind that refuses to recognize realities.

France's post-war policy of hate, of military and economic alliances with the Balkan states, in order that her hegemony over European affairs may not be disputed, is one of the realities that the world faces. France's continuous policy to throttle the lives of 130 million people in the center of Europe is directly responsible for the inflamed nationalistic tendencies of Italy, Germany and Hungary.

Such realities contain the seed of war. Mussolini, to his greatest credit, is the first statesman to come out unequivocally for the revision of the present treaties. Some may object that under the new scheme, England, France, Italy and Germany may dictate to the rest of Europe. It may be so. Such an arrangement may be far from ideal. But it is a decided improvement over the present, where France with the help of second-rate nations is trying to dictate to races of superior culture.

The fact that Mussolini is backing this idea for selfish motives only has nothing to do with the case. Consciously or not, he is striving for the peace of Europe. He is arming because he is surrounded by an iron ring propped up by French bayonets. He is confronted with the realities of war and he is trying to avoid it. But should war come he wants to be prepared. His task is to make history and not to dally in it.

Dayton, Ohio. PASCAL SPURLINO.

SIR: Thank heaven, it has come at last! An unimpeachable pacifist and liberal, H. N. Brailsford, recognizes that territorial revision is not the path to peace.

The Paris Conference was dominated by the Big Five. The Revisionists want a "Peace Club" of the Big Four: still "might is right." Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, *dictated* terms to Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria. Mussolini, Hitler, MacDonald, propose to *dictate* terms to Poland, Jugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, Rumania. Still dictation.

Before 1914, we pacifists wanted to preserve peace on the basis of the territorial status quo, unjust as it might seem. With Jaurès, we battled against the Revanchards; and would not have countenanced war or even the threat of war for the liberation of Poland: there is no war to end war: peace can be achieved only by peaceful means, without victory.

Let pacifists return to this essentially pacifist attitude. Let them cease to encourage, as they have constantly done, the German Revanchards and the Italian expansionists. Let them remember that no territorial injustice is quite so unjust as even a righteous war; that the feelings and the interests of the weak, in a civilized world, are as respectable as those of the strong; that it is no worse for a German to live in Polish territory than it was and would be for a Pole to live under the German flag; that a complex history has made it impossible to draw a "natural" frontier between the peoples of Central Europe; that the solution is not to be found in emphasizing nationalism, but in getting away from it; in *minimizing* the frontier rather than in shifting it.

The closest commercial coöperation, and the strictest respect for the cultural rights of minorities—such are the best avenues to permanent peace. So long as we sympathize with the big fellows, who can make a nuisance of themselves until they get what they want, we are purely and simply encouraging the gospel of force. But it looks as though pacifists might unite again, on strictly pacifist principles.

Stanford University, Calif. ALBERT GUERARD.

Extracts from Letters

HARRY W. LAIDLER writes on behalf of the League for Industrial Democracy, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, to say that the League is facing a serious financial situation. It needs $15,000 more than is now in sight "if it is to pay its pressing bills and to continue its present effective activities in behalf of a new social order." The work of the League is too well known to our readers to require detailed description.

C. C. West, 1801 South College Street, Springfield, Illinois, would like to get into contact with New Republic readers in that vicinity in the effort to organize an open forum in Springfield.

E. J. Vogel, Rutledge, Pennsylvania, writes to say that the salary of President Atterbury of the Pennsylvania Railroad, $98,100 a year, seems to him reasonable "in view of General Atterbury's brilliant record."

The Reverend Nathaniel M. Pratt, East Northfield, Massachusetts, is preparing a memorial biography of Dr. Josiah Strong, and would welcome documents or other material to aid him in that purpose.

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Race with Death

Last Poems, by D. H. Lawrence. Introduction by Richard Aldington. New York: The Viking Press. 330 pages. $3.

The Lovely Lady and Other Stories, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: The Viking Press. $2.

SOME OF these poems are notes and fragments; some are hysterical cries; some are bits of repartee without wit or point, nagging at modern life; some are pretentious aphorisms, without grace; but enough are powerful and original to make the book an important addition to literature. They are the products of several years of physical suspense, years of anticipating death. The finest are the "Ship of Death" group, "Blue Gentians" and the other poems about death. In them Lawrence is at his most vital, proud, personal, intense, freshly forming his vision of death and taking nothing from the mourning shops of tradition.

The good qualities of Lawrence's poetry are clear, even obvious, and the defects are as clear and obvious. Lawrence is a rapid writer and his subject matter is personal, not so much in the autobiographical sense as in the sense of making a personal event of every occurrence in his consciousness. There is scarcely a poem in his large output that is not a first-hand reaction—what Lawrence felt with his own senses and thought out in his own mind. He took almost nothing from the stores of English poetry, neither its subject matter nor its forms. Form, in fact, mattered little to him. His lines are breaths. His poems, in consequence, are fresh, immediate and palpable. They have a substance which even very good derivative poetry lacks, since it tends to evaporate back into its source, the literary tradition that is, in its effects, more an atmosphere than a structure. Lawrence's poems have touch and bulk.

The defects are frequent coarseness of texture, garrulity and sour sounds. Lawrence bothers neither to hunt the *mot juste* nor the *ton juste*. Exquisite matings of sound and sense are rare in his work. He also frequently drags out metaphors into weakening elaborations and new versions so that we are finally repelled by images that delighted us in the first statement. Furthermore, Lawrence does not make good pictures; we have no lovely landscapes or fine portraits or beautiful shapes. He gives us rushes of movement, vibrations of emotion, and the force of them is unmatched save perhaps in Blake, to whom he shows a strong likeness of temperament. Like Blake he has a conviction of the truth and sanctity of his insight. There are hints of forthcoming prophetic books in these last poems, and sketches of personal mysticism based on symbols of fire and wet, earth and air.

Whatever symbolic mysticism his thinking might have been built into, its outline would have remained very simple. Purity of sensation is the greatest good of life; and mankind is divided into an aristocracy of the few who are capable of pure sensation, a lower nobility which admires the aristocracy and shines with the reflection of "the gleam" in the aristocratic eyes, and the mass which is virtually insensate. The mass includes intellectuals, whose habit of abstracting and rationalizing experience inhibits pure sensation; and egotists, whose self-absorption converts experience into neuroses. Life proceeds in cycles. After millennia of vigorous life, of religions in which pure sensation is the rite itself, and whose symbols have the power of initiating or continuing the reverberations of sensations, the millennia of apathy and non-life succeed in which religion is abstracted, and honor is given to all that denies the dignity and joy of sensual life. Sex as the activity in which men and women most readily achieve pure sensation has a large share in Lawrence's thought. The image of the phallus as a bridge is recurrent. In "Lady Chatterley's Lover" it spanned the chasm of modern life; in the poem, "Whales Weep Not" it provides a footing for archangels and cherubim.

Our period he locates in one of the non-life millennia, and repudiates all its characteristics—what is left of Christianity, our sciences, our arts, our industrial system and our revolts against our industrial system, even our sports. Lawrence never relents in his indictment of the "intellectual" whose brain-spinning keeps him in a perpetual vertigo. The clash between capitalism and communism he cartoons as something of a mad dog fight over a bone labeled "property." Decent people are to keep off to avoid getting bit and infected.

So complete is Lawrence's repudiation of mankind in our time that in order to prove that there have ever been acceptable human beings he has to invent survivors in the sensate Indians of the American Southwest, the virile Sardinians, and finally the ancient Etruscans. This process confirms what is hardly necessary to point out, that Lawrence is himself an intellectual. His Etruscans he found in the museums; his Indians in the company of pale, overcultured huntsmen of the primitive. In his progression from ideas to sensation he may be regarded as the intellectual in his final stage. Lawrence's ideal man is patently himself, and suffers from his malady. Consumptives run high temperatures and are sexually overstimulated.

This then, the repudiation of our culture and the exhortation to live sensually, with the footnote that it is impossible for most of us, is all that Lawrence has to offer. The flame that is so broad and bright in literature becomes a match spark in the world of thought! Lawrence makes the error common to gifted and spontaneous writers of overvaluing insight, and considering unnecessary the labor of constructing intellectual systems and programs.

Therefore when he has made a metaphor he knocks off work. By mythologizing machinery and asking us to view it as a monster, he proposes two absurd ways of dealing with it: running away—presumably in a railroad train or steamship—or destroying it, with sticks of dynamite. The great problem of our time, the reconstruction of society, is dismissed in what is perhaps his blindest metaphor, the dog fight over property. Yet in his description of the special sadness of our time, the lack of social cohesion and will, he comes very close to Communism, which has, more than any activity of our time, drawn in the men "with the gleam on their faces." (*"I like Communists because they have fine eyes." E. E. Cummings.*) And finally, another salvation by metaphor, there is the sensual escape—the escape across the phallic bridge.

In his fiction Lawrence is at his calmest and surest; though he deals often with hysterical types there is little hysteria in his treatment. His method is virtually to personify an insight into character and elaborate and develop the figure until it is fairly odorous with itself, like an overripe fruit. The stories in "The Lovely Lady" are not his best, but they are among his most typical. They show very clearly what his contribution in fiction has been. He is not a creator of character but an inventor of symbols. He has a horrible old woman who symbolizes the eternal artifice and selfishness of a flirt; pathetic, "sealed" men who have no male function because they have let themselves become foils for sexless women, all psychological dwarfs,

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deaf-mutes and cripples, and not one fully realized character among them. Lawrence's intensity gives them direct reality; but we remember them more as queer cases than as characters.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Monuments to Myopia

The Causes of War, by Sir Arthur Salter, Wickham Steed, Sir J. Arthur Thomson and Others. New York: The Macmillan Company. 246 pages. $1.50.

Problems of Peace, by Paul H. Douglas, Sherwood Eddy, Alfred Zimmern, Harold J. Laski and Others. New York: Oxford University Press. 301 pages. $2.50.

AT THE outset it is worth noting that books of this sort do not start from scratch; they are not built on syllogisms. It is also worth noting that even before they are written they *do* represent points of view arrived at by some one other than the authors, and that, by and large, those points of view are the assumptions which underlie the books, without regard to the opinions expressed by the individual commentators. The first volume is a series of papers solicited from outside authorities by the World Conference for International Peace through Religion. The second is a series of lectures delivered in August, 1931, before the Geneva Institute of International Relations, which is largely concerned with the work of the League of Nations. In both instances the topics to be covered and the authorities to cover them were chosen by the institutions.

Space limitations make impossible any real summary of these essays. Perhaps the most accurate description would be to say that they are the more elaborate, more earnest and more literate counterparts of the press dispatches which from time to time have reported them. For these opinions have constituted news. And they have been news partly because the men who voiced them are the sort (if you know what I mean) who have been accorded positions of honor and authority by the Western nations. World opinion looks to them for leadership.

Both because of the content of the individual essays and the assumptions which underlie the volumes, these books have a basic fault that is clear as day: they reveal no integrated philosophy of man and his universe, no thoroughgoing analysis of the interrelation of the components of the social world. This anchorless thinking allows Paul Scott Mowrer, for example, to speak of the time lag in public opinion and yet be himself unaware that the October revolution may invalidate his contention that rich and therefore independent newspapers are "in the public interest"; it allows Sherwood Eddy, on the one hand, after an inspiring description of the U.S.S.R., to reject Communism because it interferes with civil liberties and individual consent and James W. Garner, on the other hand, to tie the can to our own boasted civil liberty by recalling that in the early nineteen twenties "teachers were warned not to speak about it [guess what—the League!] to their pupils"; it allows Paul Douglas to devote a lucid essay to world unemployment and to steps for relieving economic distress without raising even the question of whether capitalist prosperity can last, let alone the question of whether it should; it allows Sir Arthur Salter to discuss with unquestionable insight the economic causes of war without answering the question whether war is of the "natural order" of a capitalist society; it allows both books to ignore entirely the important question of the nature and historical significance of the civil state, and to assume its perpetual existence; it allows free-will concepts to cohabit cosily with economic determinism; and it allows a strongly ethical point of view to pervade the essays on war, yet to be entirely absent from the essays on economics. Nor is this philosophical anarchy a danger merely in the field of ideas, for several of these essays advocate practical measures which, lacking integrated philosophic grounding may well grow into conflict with other practical and similarly ungrounded solutions of other immediate problems.

And so, while these volumes represent painstaking scholarship and profound concern with human welfare, they epitomize what has been wrong in social thought up to the present: consideration of particular problems as isolated phenomena, rather than as inseparable parts of a dynamic whole; and advocacy of courses of action without regard to the basic whys and wherefores. Thought is taking a new trend now: it is insisting first, that there is a discoverable criterion of human values; second, that human society is a dynamic, ordered, understandable interrelation of parts; and third, that there be an attempt to satisfy the first through a unified program based on the second. In terms of that trend, these two books, for all the high knowledge they contain, are merely monuments to near-sightedness.

WINCHELL TAYLOR.

Novels, Stories and Prophecy

The Incompetents, by R. E. Spencer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.35.

Death in the Woods and Other Stories, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Liveright, Inc. $2.

As the Earth Turns, by Gladys Hasty Carroll. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Great Circle, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

Full Circle, by John Collier. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.

MR. SPENCER has already served notice on us that he has taken up the mantle of Henry James, and his struggles to walk naturally, or at least with dignity, while swathed in that outmoded and voluminous garment, are certainly worth noticing. In his first novel, "The Lady Who Came to Stay," the master's cloak did not hang on him in quite such pious folds; in "The Incompetents" he has gathered it about him with a prim self-consciousness that often forces him to shuffle lest he trip. Mr. Spencer's story—of a whitely glistening wise woman who took back her blackly selfish husband in order to save a foolish daughter's gray happiness—is simple enough, slight and improbable as it may be; but his slow-motion posturings and delicate proliferations of gesture, like those of some medicine-show barker who has not enough cynicism to know what he is doing, make his performance preposterously silly.

After the embarrassing pretentiousness of "The Incompetents" it is a relief to turn to the familiar, honest awkwardness of Sherwood Anderson. We are so used to Mr. Anderson now, to his puzzled confidences, his groping repetitions, his occasional stumblings into real inspiration, that perhaps we tend to underrate him as an American phenomenon. Or perhaps we no longer overrate him. At any rate, this collection of short stories will neither augment nor diminish the affection with which America regards him. The almost childish unevenness of his performance, shown in most of his previous books, is echoed in "Death in the Woods"; but as almost always there are compensating high spots. The best of these stories—about an old woman found

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dead in the woods, a man's return to the town where he spent his youth, the long deferred quarrel between two middle-aged men—show Mr. Anderson at his best.

In "As the Earth Turns" Miss Carroll does for Maine farmers what Pearl Buck did for the Chinese, but without arousing any suspicion that she is delving into foreign fields. "As the Earth Turns" is a solid, unpretentious novel that tells how the Shaw family got through their hard-working days, while four slow seasons wheel in the background. The heroine, Jen, is very much in the Louisa M. Alcott tradition. At baking, sewing, humoring the men-folks, curing the neighbor's child of croup, she is equally, impregnably capable. She is almost incredible, but not quite; for, even if there are no women like that, at least we like to think there may be. But when Miss Carroll allows a shy bride to conceal the fact of her pregnancy from her own husband for several months, she goes a little too far into old-fashioned fancies. "As the Earth Turns" is a pleasant book; it fills its profoundest purpose when it reminds us that farm life is real and may be earnest.

Conrad Aiken summons spirits from a sufficiently vasty deep, but too often his incantations have not been powerful enough to give them embodiment. In "Great Circle," however, he has conjured up a ghost that is real enough to be believed. Andy Cather, a Cambridge tutor, in response to a warning comes home to find his wife in the arms of his best friend. He goes out and gets drunk. The story slips back to his boyhood, to his family's summer cottage on the Massachusetts coast, where he has seen and suffered far more than his parents, intent on their own unhappiness, ever realized. With the tragic and somehow shameful drowning of his mother, Andy's memories are cut short. He appears at a friend's room and holds him with a glittering eye and a bitterly drunken flow of talk until sleep overcomes them. Next day he meets his wife again, and after a mutually chastened interview goes off to his childhood-haunted seashore, with the idea of clearing his mind of its perilous stuff. Mr. Aiken has transmuted these shoddy circumstances into a story so quick with suffering that "shoddy" is the last thing it could be called. Almost the entire action is filtered through Andy's brain; it thus gains more in intensity than it loses in perspective.

After a promising beginning as a satirist, Mr. Collier this time steps off on another foot. His story of the near future, though he calls it simply a "tale" and disclaims any social motive in the telling, will strike home chillingly to most readers of today's newspapers. For before we have read many pages we realize that Mr. Collier has imagined the total eclipse of our civilization and a reversion into what can only be called a new pre-history. What makes it such chilly reading is that he makes a fearfully convincing story of it. Nations, governments, cities, have all gone down the drain: the little unit that the story deals with is a gang of human beings, something between a large family and a small clan, living like anxious rats in the ruins of an old farm somewhere in the wilds of what was once England. Every perquisite of civilization has long ago vanished: the tribe's most precious possessions are some stores of barbed wire (with which they patch their cunningly concealed defenses) and a few trench helmets and bayonets salvaged from the war which their oldest men still dimly remember. Look-outs are always posted against enemies; ten miles away in any direction the country is as uncharted as an unknown continent. Human nature has reverted again to the savage: as we read of killings, rape and massacres it does not seem at all improbable. What does seem hopeless is the ambition of the few bolder spirits to fight their way to security again. Mr. Collier underlines artistic exaggeration a little heavily, but the total impression of "Full Circle" is one of uncomfortably feasible prophecy.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Patriot and Moralist

Mazzini: Prophet of Modern Europe, by Gwilym O. Griffith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 381 pages. $3.

IN AMERICA, Mazzini is hardly more than an honored name, but in Italy the middle-class opponents of Mussolini still profess allegiance to his ideas. The present biography—the first, we are told, in thirty years—is highly sympathetic to its subject, yet occasionally it reveals a note of skepticism, even of irony. It makes felicitous use of the latest available material, particularly of the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, with whom Mazzini's relations were of a peculiar intimacy. Mazzini lived at a time when the great national problems of Europe were approaching a climax, while the social problem could no longer be ignored even by a middle-class publicist. Concerning the national problem Mazzini's thought was clear and precise: "You cannot *pray* Austria out of Italy." He saw clearly into the future of Austria, more clearly than Marx and Engels, the weight of whose thought lay elsewhere: "In Austria there is a Slav movement which no one troubles about, but which one day will wipe Austria off the map of Europe." But when it came to the social question, Mazzini talked of faith, love and self-sacrifice; charged the utopian communists of Cabet's school with substituting the idea of material well being for any idea of moral progress, thus reducing civilization to a society of bees and beavers; and when in 1848 he was dictator of Rome, he would not confiscate the property of the papal émigrés in order to raise funds for the revolution. His social program is: No war of classes, no wanton or unjust violation of the rights of property, but a constant disposition to ameliorate the condition of the least favored.

There was, indeed, a fantastic element even in his ideas on the national question, as when he pronounced Rome to be the moral center of Italy, of Europe and of the world —an idea that could originate only in a brain obsessed by the past. Or when he described Ledru-Rollin, the French democrat, as "an excellent man but governed by a curious misconception: he believed that the French [not the Italians] were the 'initiator-people,' an error that vitiated his entire philosophy." Or when he was profoundly disappointed with Italian unification, because it was brought about by agencies, and assumed a form, not in accord with his choice and expectations. His conspiracies and expeditions—with three men and four stones, said his opponents —with their foreordained unhappy outcome, may be ascribed to this fantastic element in his thought.

Perhaps the best brief characterization of Mazzini was made by himself in his characterization of Karl Marx: "A man of acute but *dissolvent* genius, domineering in temper, jealous of the influence of others, without strong philosophic or religious beliefs, and, I fear, with more of anger in his heart, albeit righteous anger, than of love." The uncomplimentary personal attributes may be disregarded; they are invariably found in a strong character, particularly in an adversary; similar traits were imputed to Mazzini himself by Italian patriots whose ways parted from his. If Mazzini found Marx "domineering," Marx found him

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"imbécile," although he acknowledged Mazzini's foresight in regard to the events of 1859. What is really significant, in Mazzini's description of Marx, is his dislike of a social analysis that shrinks back from no consequences, of philosophical and religious skepticism, of social-revolutionary determination. Throughout his life, in his thought and action as well as in his associations during his long exile in England, Mazzini remained within the bounds prescribed for him by his middle-class origin and his literary-philosophical education. HERMAN SIMPSON.

Beard Brought Up to Date

The Rise of American Civilization, by Charles A. Beard and Mary R. Beard. New Edition, revised and enlarged. New York: The Macmillan Company. 865 pages. $3.50.

THIS NEW edition of the Beards' history has a new chapter about the depression called "The Mirage Dissolves," and a new section, a sort of depression postscript, to the chapter on "The Machine Age." They do not do the subject justice, but then it is probably impossible for an historian to treat it at such close range. Besides, it upsets Beard's artistic structure, which culminated in his picture of the Machine Age with its gradual advance toward "social democracy."

The first edition ended on a note of hope: after his description of the American contemporary point of view with its "invulnerable faith in democracy" and its "faith in the efficacy of that new and mysterious instrument of the modern mind, 'the invention of invention,' moving from one technological triumph to another," he concluded: "If so [if these beliefs are justified], it is the dawn, not the dusk, of the gods." In the new edition, this "Came the Dawn" caption has been scrapped and we have the following instead: "So Thought, weary Titan, continued to climb as for two thousand years the rugged crags between Ideology and Utopia." This sounds more like a movie caption than the other and permits the historian to step out from under the necessity of any conclusions whatever. Is he, nevertheless, a little embarrassed? Certainly in the sections he has added, the tone of cool detachment does not carry quite the same conviction it did in the pre-depression part of his story. To intimate, as he seems to, that the present crisis is only a slump like another is surely carrying coolness too far.

Nevertheless, the resume of the achievements of the Coolidge and Hoover administrations continues the political-economic story with Beard's usual shrewdness and concision and fills out this remarkable record, so much more searching than anything else which had yet appeared in the field and already so pervasive in its influence. E. W.

A Good Briton

Recent Prose, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. 294 pages. $2.50.

IT WOULD be easy enough to gibe at John Masefield's latest volume, for even his devotees will have to admit that it is rather perfunctory, official and tired. About half of it consists of lectures and speeches, apparently delivered on occasions when too great originality would have been in bad taste. We settle back and listen to the Poet Laureate on his friend Yeats, or on play-writing, or the beauties of Hereford, or Chaucer, or Blake, or Crabbe, or Shakespeare and Spiritual Life; and the occasional wandering of our minds seems to be taken for granted. Not much more can be said for the reprinted "Taking of Helen," a long short story whose charm and countless felicities of phrasing only set off its unnecessity as a whole. The entire volume, in fact, except for one paper, lives up to its singularly blank title: no one is even expected to be caught or held.

And yet it has an unmistakable significance in what it tells of the country that produced it. Here is a revealing document of twentieth-century England. We should be very foolish to make fun of the patriotism that forms its staunch undertone. In John Masefield we see a modern example of the traditional plucky Englishman who, however hopeless or weary, fights on. Masefield's way of fighting is to give speeches, to sit through tedious ceremonies, to be exhibited in his kingly office, to remind his nation of her poets, to celebrate the national sport of fox-hunting, to repeat his out-of-date romantic exhortations. Here, for all the surrounding stuffiness, is race, is blood. In literary form it shows itself best in the paper on Synge, written in 1911, which, tracing every recollection of the dramatist with extraordinary self-effacement and a tenacity peculiarly British, offers as painstaking and informative a memoir as we could ask. But even when not so successful as in this paper, Masefield shows a love of country that melting-pot America, with its lack of blood ties, cannot afford to jeer. The poet in him may have faltered; the citizen, the subject, keeps on. Sometimes they also serve who only stand and repeat themselves. The important thing about this book is that it comes from a good Briton. GERALD SYKES.

Book Notes

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

MARY BAKER EDDY, The Truth and the Tradition, by Ernest Sutherland Bates and John V. Dittemore. *New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 476 pages. $4.*

Because of his former position as a director of the Mother Church and as a trustee for Mrs. Eddy's estate, John V. Dittemore obtained possession of materials—three trunksful in fact—important in the history of Christian Science, notably about 1,500 letters of Mrs. Eddy and part of the diary of Calvin Frye, seneschal to Mrs. Eddy the last twenty-eight years of her life. The biography which Dr. Bates has written on the materials furnished him by Mr. Dittemore is the most complete and detailed account of the factors and persons involved in Christian Science. The original materials quoted in it make it the outstanding source book for future students. In general outline this most recent biography does not differ from the study of Edward Franden Dakin, and certain evidence—like the dreams (or "visions") recounted to students and to Calvin Frye—corroborates the interpretations Mr. Dakin gives, for example, to Mrs. Eddy's belief in conception by demons.

OUT OF MY LIFE AND THOUGHT, by Albert Schweitzer. *New York: Henry Holt and Company. 288 pages. $2.50.*

In 1905, at the age of thirty, Albert Schweitzer began the study of medicine in preparation for medical missionary work in the French Congo. There followed "years of constant struggle against fatigue"; not only because he found that despite his interest in the subject matter "the memory of a man over thirty has not the capacity of a student of twenty" but because the particular student was still supporting himself as a preacher and theological lecturer at the University of Strassburg, going three or four times each year to Paris and Barcelona to take part in the concerts of the Paris Bach Society and the Orfeo Catala, and in odd moments making significant contributions to rationalistic higher criticism and to the theory of organ building. When at last he had completed his medical course and had raised funds to equip a small hospital in Africa, he offered his services to a

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missionary society, which was gravely doubtful of his orthodoxy, but finally accepted him with a restriction—he had to promise to stick to medical work and to be "as mute as a carp" on theological matters. No missionary was ever less concerned with proselytizing. Supremely a man of action as well as of thought, he was engaged from the moment of his arrival in Lambarene in building and enlarging his hospital, in caring for the sick, both European and native, who were brought to him down the River Ogowe from incredible distances; in performing major operations under the most primitive conditions on natives to whom he was merely an unfamiliar medicine man, in creating plantations to supply the hospital and the mission with food, in fighting for his life, his supplies and the lives of his patients against hordes of traveling ants, and in studying tropical diseases and native life at first hand. Few, if any, white men have written more justly or understandingly of life among the African natives, or have stood out more strongly against the interests, commercial and governmental, that sought to exploit them.

Criticism

A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO LITERARY CRITICISM, by Norman R. F. Maier and H. Willard Reninger. *New York: D. Appleton and Company. 166 pages. $2.*

Dr. Maier, psychologist, and Dr. Reninger, professor of literary criticism, have combined their interests in applying certain principles of Gestalt Psychology to a few, generally accepted literary observations. The terminology with which they invest these observations arises out of the work of Koffka, Köhler and Rubin. The now famous experiments of figure-ground, insight and determining tendency are used as the basis of proposed critical formulations. Dr. Maier has himself reported experiments, the conclusions of which are likewise used in this connection. The authors have done a service by reviving the functional theory of meaning and by pointing out the relation between the organization of ideas and their subsequent communication to the reader. The book would be immeasurably more valuable if it included the physiological bases of several *Gestalten* to which it refers.

DISCOVERING POETRY, by Elizabeth Drew. *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 224 pages. $2.50.*

Miss Drew's book is admittedly a primer. It seems intended to be not only an introduction to poetry but an introduction to significant contemporary discussion of poetry. In her choice of the pertinent questions to be asked a beginning student and in her choice of pivotal terms for the answers, she evidently wishes to prepare the student for the perusal of I. A. Richards and T. S. Eliot. In addition, the various chapters pose for discussion poems which are reprinted complete and which in sum make a small anthology more or less consonant with Mr. Eliot's taste.

History

THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORY. Vol. IX: The Roman Republic, 133-44 B. C., edited by S. A. Cook, F. E. Adcock, M. P. Charlesworth. *New York: The Macmillan Company. 1,033 pages, with maps and charts. $9.*

The period covered in this volume, from the tribunates of the Gracchi to the dictatorship of Caesar, witnessed almost continuous civil war. It was the price the Roman Republic paid for empire. At the opening of the period the empire was an excrescence upon the republic; at the close the Populus Romanus, as a free people, had reached the stage of weariness which made it content to be absorbed into the empire. The long succession of civil wars was in essence a struggle between the free rich and the free poor to live on the two products of the imperial wars—slaves and the tribute of the provinces. It was to end in the extinction of the republic and in the rule of army chiefs. The fourteen contributors to this volume write with the scholarly competence and thoroughness that characterize the work as a whole; one or two rise above this level to eloquent expression and brilliant interpretation; one or two descend to pedantic preoccupations with the legitimacy of texts or empty enumerations of names and dates. The chief criticism, however, that can be leveled at this book, as at the entire series, is that the political aspect is overemphasized at the expense of those insights and clarifications which come from closer attention to the economic structure of the period.

Fiction

NURSE ADRIANE, by Norah C. James. *New York: Covici, Friede. $2.50.*

More impressive for its background than for its narrative, this novel is laid in a huge London hospital which is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Adriane, the heroine, is what is known in America as a graduate nurse and it is through her that Miss James conveys her realistic picture of the hospital. Except for the odd moments when Adriane is trying to extricate herself from an irksome situation involving the man she wants to marry and his possessive, malicious mother, the story concerns the routine of her activity in the hospital. In a somewhat hasty but intimate manner we become acquainted with the personalities of her colleagues, the attitude of doctor and patient toward each other, the theatricalness of the operating room, the various abuses a charity patient is made to suffer, the stupidity of hospital governing committees. Miss James writes witih a dispassionate meticulousness that goes well with the clinical atmosphere she conveys.

FAMILY REUNION, by Janet Curren Owen. *New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.*

It is a far cry from the domestic novel so assiduously practised by Miss Muloch, Miss Yonge and their Victorian contemporaries, to Mrs. Owen's mordant sketch of family life. The question arises whether this difference is due rather to the deterioration of the institution or to the keener penetration of the novelist. In the snarl of family relationships which the author twists about the Christmas dinner given by Mrs. Brinton to her daughters, granddaughters and their husbands, almost every deviation from the pattern of domestic propriety is represented. Mrs. Owen writes without animus, and gives no decision. At the close Sylvia, the daughter-in-law who broke out of the cage long ago, returns with relief to her irregular marriage, and old Mrs. Brinton at seventy prepares herself for her fourth husband, her favorite lodger, an alliance which will restore to her the half of her oft-widowed marriage bed.

Contributors

Ludwig Lore, a German-American journalist who has contributed articles on politics and international affairs to many of the leading magazines, was formerly editor-in-chief of the New Yorker Volkszeitung.

William E. Mosher, director of the School of Citizenship and Public Affairs at Syracuse University, was co-author with Finla G. Crawford of "Public Utility Regulation," recently published by Harper's.

Ernest Angell, an attorney practising in New York City, served overseas during the War and was one of the founders of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion.

Max Eastman, poet, editor and critic, has published a number of books, including translations from the Russian, the most noteworthy being Trotsky's "History of the Russian Revolution." His latest book was "The Literary Mind: Its Place in an Age of Science."

Earl Daniels is a professor of English at Colgate University and is a frequent contributor to Poetry: A Magazine of Verse and to other journals.

Isidor Schneider, author of a book of verse and a novel, is a frequent contributor to literary magazines. He is at present completing his second novel.

Winchell Taylor, a member of the editorial staff of The New Yorker, formerly worked for the American Civil Liberties Union. He is on the secretariat of the Pen and Hammer, an organization of professional workers.

T. S. Matthews, author of "To the Gallows I Must Go," a novel, is literary editor of Time.

Herman Simpson, an authority on Marxian theory, was formerly an editor of The New York Call.

Gerald Sykes, who contributed fiction to the second and the third "American Caravan," is at work on a novel.

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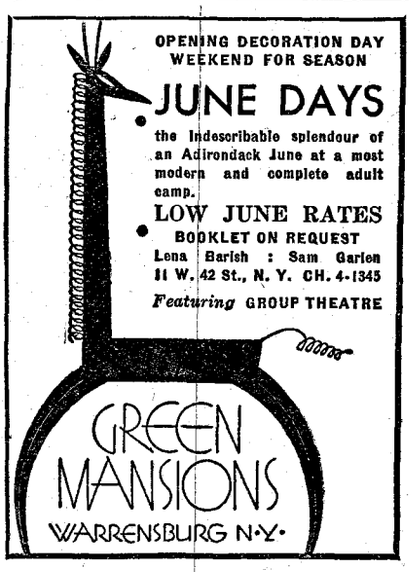

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